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Things in General

A NYONE reading the "Mail and Empire," particularly recent editions of that paper, must suppose that either the people of this province are utter asses or that that paper itself is a dampfhoel. It is continually saying things and doing things which utterly ostracize it editorially from the consideration of anybody with wisdom enough to keep out of the bughouse. It is an exceedingly good newspaper, but its editorial feature is horribly bad. What it can and does tell its readers is intelligible and interesting as long as it confines itself to what it knows; when it begins to tell what it thinks the utterly assinine variety of opinion that it expresses, saturated with prejudices and bitter with malice, is enough to turn one's thumbs cold. If it would buy a little opinion worth expressing it would marvelously improve its position. Its articles on "The Real Laurier," the hater of Ontario, are simply rot, and if the party of which it is supposed to be the organ endorses that sort of campaign they deserve to be on the back benches till their teeth fall out. There is plenty to be said which is right and reasonable, without such a paper as the "Mail and Empire" becoming fanatical and furious over nothing or reminiscent when it should be silent. It is to be hoped that while the other newspapers of the city are making every effort to get first-class "gray matter" into their editorial department the "Mail and Empire" will not forget that its lack of enterprise in this direction is every day becoming more conspicuous.

GENERAL HUTTON, who made himself obnoxious out here, has succeeded in antagonizing the Australian Administration under which he is now working. The trouble with General Hutton is that he does not understand that he is working under any Administration, but thinks that he is the Administration himself. As the colonies so called begin to understand themselves better they will ship these fellows back home with a request that they be kept there. The colonial idea as it is understood in the United Kingdom, is that of a Crown colony where the Governor and his little clique of officials are restrained by nothing but the Colonial Office. In a Representative colony this is tempered by the advice of local men who are appointed really without any idea of control by local ideas, but to furnish an agreeable sanction for the doings of the Crown Administration. In a Self-governing colony like our own or like that of Australia, men who are impregnated by the traditions of Crown government make huge mistakes—mistakes which men like Chamberlain do not forgive.

There is no reason why we should feel any irritation by being called "Colonists" except that the Britisher understands that a colonist is ruled by a Governor and has no say of his own. The official in charge may do many things which the resident in a Crown colony has to accept, much to his personal humiliation, and yet he dare make no protest lest he become a marked man and his business ruined. It is this contemptibly subservient person who as a colonist is despised in Great Britain. It is not colonists such as we have in Canada or such as they are in Australia who deserve this opprobrium, and I imagine that the difference between the two classes is now being better understood in the Home islands.

THE other Sunday I drove out to the Industrial Fair grounds, and I was greatly impressed by the beautiful park which Commissioner Chambers, in charge of that department, has created there. The seats were filled with those who came to look at the landscape gardening which has made the place beautiful, and it cannot be denied that the buildings have been so greatly improved that it is a pleasure to pay a visit to the place. Nothing should stand in the way of our next Exhibition, no matter by what name it may be called nor by whom it is managed, though the management will make a great deal of difference in satisfying the hundreds of thousands who will visit this interesting spot. The award and the trees are as beautiful as any we have in Toronto. I have in mind the opinion which was once prevalent in Toronto that it would be useless to plant trees and flowers or to put down sod, for the people would trample them to death. No doubt the Fair grounds look very different after a big Exhibition, but the people of Ontario have demonstrated their hatred of vandalism by keeping the place they pay to see in reasonably good condition. A man or a woman or a boy or a girl must be a thorough vandal who wantonly destroys what it has taken so much time to get into shape.

IT strikes me that the law governing loan companies who sell stock on the assessment plan and confiscate what is paid in if the whole amount is not in sight when pay-day comes or when the stock should be issued, is much weaker than it should have been. The average subscriber to stock of this sort has no knowledge of business, and, first of all, those who default before six months but who thought that they were making savings bank deposits, are still permitted to be victimized. In the next place, those who default after six months and before three years receive only ninety per cent. of their payments. Those who default after three years are entitled to recover their deposits in full with interest. Why anybody should be penalized for not paying more money into a concern than they have to spare, I cannot understand. Whatever is put in, either as a deposit or on the stock basis, should be liable to be withdrawn on the most equitable terms it is possible to propose. To victimize the people who were canvassed at back doors and in alleys for these things is to discourage frugality and the saving of what little is left beyond what their necessities make it impossible to preserve. While Ontario, as Dr. Hunter, Inspector of Loan Corporations, declares, is the first country in the world that has taken up the question of legislation of these loan companies, and should receive credit for its initial movement, yet it cannot be denied that the legislation is much less drastic than those who wish to see the poor protected, had reason to expect.

C ARNEGIE has been properly characterized by the "Financial Times" of London, England, for his demand that the United States should share any preference which Canada obtains from the Mother Country. They seem to be getting on to Mr. Carnegie in Great Britain and the "Times" alleges that his claim for the country in which he makes his money is "the most impudent paragraph in an impudent letter." "Saturday Night" has not been slow to express the same opinion, and it would seem that this eminent capitalist and philanthropist will have to die soon or his true narrowness will be a popular joke, notwithstanding his numerous gifts of libraries.

THE old line fence disputes are apparently not yet over. As everybody knows who goes about the country, straight fences are replacing those old crooked rail affairs which separated the fields and the farms in rural districts. I can remember of past feuds over line fences in which shotguns and bloody fights figured at the beginning and which were decided by lawsuits in the end—lawsuits which probably lost both farmers their estates. In Osgoode Hall there is a suit at present involving seventeen cents' worth of land, an oak tree, and the principle of not letting anybody get the better of you. Probably the oak tree kept the old-fashioned snake fence from being the exact delimitation of the farm, but now that a straight fence has been built the litigants, who belong to the township of Brooke, are carrying from court to court their dispute as to which of them the tree belongs to, and as to whether the seventeen cents' worth of land appraised by the county judge is correct. Can we wonder that there is so little philosophical tendency to give and take in politics and religion when we find two prosperous farmers ruining themselves in so insignificant a dispute? Of course it is better to settle it with a lawsuit than with a shotgun, but as the tree would be of as much advantage to either one of them, no matter on which side of it the fence was built, it makes it a preposterous proposition that men who could spend the money to much more advantage by attending night school or going

on a trip to the Old Country to enlarge their minds, should drag the dispute into the highest courts of the province.

The narrowness and bitterness sometimes exhibited by neighbors is a part of the great social evolution which it is difficult to resist and for which it is difficult to account. In the country men who dislike one another are often forced to live thirty, forty, or fifty years side by side. In the city people move away from disagreeable contacts. In rural localities the disagreement of to-day becomes the bitterness of tomorrow and the feud of the next year. It is unfortunate that this peculiar tendency of human nature to revolt against undesirable contacts is so general, for it can be found in every walk of life, and results in all sorts of trouble and lawsuits outside of line fence disputes. The horizon of the farmers, who are practically imprisoned, is so narrow that their lives shrink to the small size of the locality in which they live. It is sadly true that this is the result when a man and woman unfitted for each other's companionship are forced to live all their days together, each one accusing the other of being the disagreeable element, yet as a matter of fact nothing more serious can be blamed for the perpetual animosity than their lack of adaptation to each other and the smallness of the interests which they both look upon as all-important. It is said that men going out in surveying or exploring parties at the end of a few months learn to detest one another, though a couple of congenial spirits may remain friends until the end. They have no one but themselves upon whom to rely for amusement or to make life endurable. Supposing there is a party of seven and one starts a joke and makes one of the

does not mean that as an opponent of this oppressive corporation he has been at all put out of business. Toronto more than other localities seems well able to congratulate itself on its representatives in the House of Commons.

THE ship-owners of England seem to find it impossible to believe that the Canadian Government intends to grant \$100,000 per annum subsidy to the Montreal-Bordeaux Steamship Line. The service will be but fortnightly, and Liverpool shippers say that even if it were every ten days it would do the Dominion but little good. Their verdict is, "expending money on the French scheme would be like throwing it down a drain." They seem to think that the only way for Canada to spend money is to get a really first-class fast Atlantic line to Great Britain, but none of them seem to be particularly anxious to propose making a contract. No doubt when the Grand Trunk Pacific line is built and its output from St. John, N.B., or Halifax, N.S., is as great as is hoped for, we will have a fast Atlantic line and freight at a much less subsidy than has been offered in the past.

THE rumor seems prevalent that the surtax on German goods levied by Canada will be removed, as the Teutonic authorities seem to be friendly and are anxious to rectify the mistake they made by putting an overtax on our goods. The removal of this surtax on German goods should be carefully considered and should include some recompense for the loss we have suffered in the past. It is most extraordinary that so many years were allowed by Canada to

five men may get in a stateroom or into the obscure and evil smelling den which does as a "smoker," and play a poker game, and as long as they do not annoy the other passengers they are left alone, but nothing of the kind is permitted in public rooms where the captain is in authority only to suppress disturbance. It is to be hoped that the sensational liar who started this story will be located, for those who intend to come to this country for a quiet summer are liable to avoid it if they expect to have their pockets picked or be ruined in games of chance by professional and dishonest gamblers.

I T is said that British and Continental steamers going to ports in the United States and Canada are unusually crowded, and the hint comes from London that these passengers who are returning so early are speculators and their families who have got the worst of it and are trying to find out how they can get even. It may just as well be remembered that what I have often said during the past year will be an accepted truth before the snow flies, that stocks are going to bump all summer and take a real hard bump in the Fall. Everybody is trying to save himself or herself. There is no reason why the readers of this paper should not try to so arrange their financial affairs that they cannot be hurt any further by what is becoming an oft-recurring thing in Wall street—a terrible slump bordering on a panic.

THE Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council on Tuesday gave out a decision which seems to indicate that a copyright granted in Great Britain, particularly in the case of a picture or illustration, has no value in Canada. Lord Lindley, who delivered the judgment, concluded by saying "that those who want copyright in Canada on paintings, photographs, drawings, etc., must obtain such by complying with the laws of Canada." This is a considerable victory for Canadian publishers who desire a copyright law the finality of which will be placed in Ottawa. Mr. Denton, of Pearson & Denton, made the fight alone, opposed by some of the most eminent counsel in London. I do not believe in piracy, but am firmly convinced that everybody who has evolved an idea either in picture, poetry or prose should be protected, for no one has a right to steal the brains of another. What I believe to be the contention of the Canadian Copyright Association is that the details and administration of this protection should be thoroughly Canadian and that we should have to go no further than Ottawa to find out what we have to do, nor go any further than our Capital in order to do it. This particular case, so long drawn out and having so many details, will do great work in bringing the British publisher to a sense that the Canadian colony is not a preserve of the London printer, and it gives me pleasure to feel that Canada in this matter is about to receive its rights. We have occupied a most anomalous position in the matter of both books and pictures, and the principle, once established, that Canadian publishers either of pictures or books have a right to legislate for themselves or have legislation passed to their taste, is a decided victory.

I T would perhaps be wise for those who endured the hardships of last winter in the obtaining of coal to be a little cautious about being carried away by reports of the discovery of this material in very unlikely places. Geologists have seldom been mistaken in locating in a general way the districts in which coal is likely to be found. True, the geologist has not been all over this country, though by this time he should have been. It will be a great relief to the Canadian public if the reports of coal having been discovered in Western Ontario are found to be true—though unlikely—and it will be a great thing for the projected Grand Trunk Pacific if almost illimitable quantities are to be found in the mountains adjacent to its prospective route. Just the same, it will be wise for people to lay in their stock of winter's coal good and early, for it is anthracite we want, and not pitch-blende or something which is so far away that no possible cheapness of rates could afford us relief.

K ING EDWARD'S tour in Ireland seems to have been a great success and justifies the title which has been applied to him of Edward the Peacemaker. A British subject cannot but congratulate himself that the long years of tutelage which our monarch enjoyed or suffered, whichever it may have been, have resulted in producing a king who looks for his place in history as a kindly and considerate gentleman instead of being a firebrand and aggressive ruler. We will all welcome the age when war will become as ridiculous as a line fence dispute, and the people who are liable to have to fight or to have dear ones in battles will join in the wish that this policy may be pursued in all cases except where the national honor is at stake.

MANKIND outgrows the liking for pomp and hero-worship but slowly. Everyone is always interested in the elevation of an individual to a position of power and splendor above his fellows. The world, even in the twentieth century, has a relish for the details of a presidential election or the coronation of a king. When it comes to the filing of the most remarkable of earthly thrones—that of the Papacy—it is not to be wondered at that the interest of the whole civilized world is aroused to an unusual degree, for not only does the occupant of this throne command the spiritual and personal allegiance of over one-half of Christendom, but the forms and ceremonies by which he is selected from amongst the princes of the Church are of the most picturesque character, and once seated and crowned there is no monarch in the world who is surrounded by a court of greater splendor and magnificence, or who exercises a wider sway of power than the man whose good or ill fortune has placed him in the "chair of St. Peter." It is not remarkable, therefore, that during the next few days—perhaps for many days, for sometimes the election is a difficult and tedious matter—the interest of the civilized world will be largely centered on the hall in the Vatican where the cardinals are to sit in conclave and choose from amongst their number a Pope to rule the Roman Catholic Church. The extraordinary precautions taken to prevent any communication with the outside world while the election is in progress, are fully described on page 9 in an article by Monsignor Falconio, well known in Canada as the former papal ablegate accredited to this country. The whole article is of absorbing interest and will well repay perusal, but the point on which the chief emphasis seems to be laid by the writer is the fact that the cardinals are absolutely cut off from the outside world, and that the most stringent measures are adopted, extending to the minutest detail, to remove them beyond the reach of any contaminating influence from the world outside while the election is proceeding. This is doubtless as it should be, yet it is a painful reflection on the infirmity of human nature, even when concealed by a cardinal's robe. If the conclave were not cut off from outside communication it is evidently feared there would be something of the log-rolling that characterizes a good many elections in this world. Interested Governments would endeavor to make their desires effective and the parties which divide the clergy of even the most united church in the world into opposing camps would have a better opportunity to operate. That such influences would be brought to bear need not surprise us, but that the highest representatives of the Church met together to name the vicegerent of God upon earth should be infernally susceptible to worldly and personal motives shows that the priest does not leave off his human nature when he puts on the robes of his office. If cardinals and high priests are subject to improper appeals in the election of the supreme pontiff, what wonder that in civil elections the unwashed and unsanctified are often played upon successfully by corruptionists and manipulated by smooth-bore political art.

THE REV. DR. LANGTRY is apparently never so happy as when heaving theological brickbats in the assembly of the righteous—not, perhaps, because the doctor really desires to see anybody get hurt, but because by nature and training he is a controversialist and can no more refrain from participation in every passing polemical "set-to" than a bull-



THE "MAIL AND EMPIRE'S" CONCEPTION OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

number the butt of it. Five of them laugh with the perpetrator of the joke and embitter the man who is the object of it. Later some other interest is excited and another man is "run upon" by his companions. That embitters him, and in an ordinary camp it does not take long until every man has a grievance against his comrades. The bitterest animosities which exist are to be found in districts more or less isolated from the world where the people have to rely upon one another for friendliness and support, and nearly always, these little settlements divide on some paltry question. The feuds of the mountainous districts of Kentucky and Tennessee are good exemplifications of this. It would appear that the only way to live is to accept the cynical proposition that nothing matters. It is only the cosmopolitan and the one acquainted with the world that can appreciate the force of such an axiom. Business men settle their small disputes with their customers, frequently at their own loss, and simply wait to get the advantage necessary to recoup them. Unbusinesslike people desire to settle their little troubles on the spot either with their fists, a gun or a lawsuit. It is a disheartening state of affairs as regards public peace, and in respect to domestic happiness all one can say is, "Oh, the misery of it!"

TO those who do not deal in cattle nor have to do with live stock interests, disputes and rivalries in respect to market seem of very little interest, though the meat interest is one of the greatest we have. The business is an enormous one, capable of making great profits to a city far-sighted enough to establish proper yards. The fact that the Controllers have upheld Commissioner Fleming and endorse the proposal to reduce the charges and fees to cattlemen should be an encouraging sign to those who think the tendency of Toronto is to do business on a very one-horse scale.

It would be well for Toronto to look after its interests in the live stock business, for it was this business that made Kansas City, and without doubt it was the first great forward movement of Chicago. We are all apt to think that our own little affairs and the interests kindred to ourselves are the only ones to be looked after. The importance of the live stock interest to Toronto cannot be overrated.

THE enormous expenditure which has been made on the Trent Valley Canal and the proposal to vote another \$250,000 for its construction was very properly the subject of an enquiry by Mr. Brock, M.P. for Central Toronto. The absolute folly of starting to build a ditch of this kind about five feet deep, and which has so far cost nearly \$4,000,000, and which will be useless as an artery of trade, does not need to be demonstrated. It was started to help a few pull-getters in Parliament to help them in their elections. It has been continued for the same purpose and is now the laughing-stock of everybody who sees it and compares the income with the outgo. Scarcely enough to grease the hinges of the locks has been realized, yet to please the men through whose constituencies the canal is being built these extraordinary sums are annually voted. If it meant the rapid development of the country it would be all right; as it means simply an additional burden placed upon the taxpayer who in the remotest possible shape is to receive any benefit, the whole thing is preposterous. Mr. Brock has more than once shown stability of character sufficient to obstruct nonsensical legislation. In E. F. Clarke we have another good member who has made the fight against telephone monopoly his own, and he has not won

elapse before reprisal was made, for the reprisal is evidently bringing the German Government to time with remarkable swiftness. For five or six years I have been clamoring that our reprisal should be made, but Governments act notoriously slowly and we have suffered considerable injury for a long period and should make Germany pay for it. It is really an unimportant matter to us; it is an exceedingly important matter to them. Let them pay the shot.

London, England, newspaper is predicting hard times for British settlers in the Canadian North-West this winter. The Canadian Government should prepare for this condition of things, which no doubt will bring misery to a great many of the improvident and unskilled settlers. It is hard to dump a man and his family out on the prairie in May or June and hope that he will get enough out of the land or his savings to provide for the winter, a winter which nobody desires to belittle, because the weather is exceedingly cold and inclement. It is a part of the price that we have to pay for settlers, and if it is paid and the people protected, further immigration is made just that much easier. The man who comes here and is reasonably cared for is the best immigration agent we can have. These immigrants are by no means paupers, but they know nothing of a thermometer that drops down thirty or forty degrees below zero. They should be told about it and taught to make preparations for it, and if they have not the ready money it should be supplied by the Government as a cheap lien on the land. This country cannot afford a scandal involving the freezing to death or the starving to death of newly-arrived settlers.

HONORABLE CHARLES ROTHSCHILD is reported to have commissioned the Arctic whalers to procure for him a Polar flea. He offers a reward of £1,000 to add to the collection in the famous zoological museum in Tring Park, where there are already thousands of these alert insects, obtained from birds and beasts in all parts of the world. Mr. Rothschild has fitted out the whaler "Forget-me-not" especially to look for the Polar bug. If he had worked as hard dodging fleas as I have, I think he would keep out of the business and would not look in the Arctics for any special variety, for it is in the Orient where the flea chiefly gets in his work.

THE New York "Herald" published under a Toronto date a somewhat startling paragraph about the prevalence of gambling on the big steamer which ply on the chain of lakes. I confess myself rather fond of a game of poker a small limit, and I have been a passenger on these steamers a good many times without having seen a single instance of a poker game, either straight or crooked, being carried on by sharpers from the United States or any other country. The vessels are neither built nor organized on the plan of having a general smoking room where, as on Atlantic liners, those who are fond of a game of chance can either see or be injured by anything of the sort. None of the large lines even permit a bar on the boat or the sale of liquor to the passengers. It may be that United States lines running from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, where the discipline is much more lax, provide opportunities for poker games and the fleecing of tourists. As far as I am acquainted with the lake traffic, there is nothing of the kind under our flag. Four or

dog can keep out of a scrap on a street corner. Dr. Langtry is greatly pained at the prospect of Trinity's joining forces with the "godless" provincial university, and in his very pronounced expression of opinion delivered last Sunday night from his pulpit, and quite fully reported in the daily papers next day, the hard-hitting and rancorous theologian seems to be heard rather than the educationist and man of affairs who must face conditions as he finds them and deal in a practical way with difficulties. It is not necessary to go into the reasons which have induced the authorities of Trinity, headed by the statesmanlike and lovable little provost, to see that it is to the interest of Trinity University, more even than to Toronto University's advantage, that the breach of fifty years ago should be healed. That Trinity University has been starved because of the indifference of the Church on which she has relied for sustenance, and that a university in the modern sense requires resources which even the aspiring Bishop Strachan could not have dreamt of, are points which the friends of Trinity cannot overlook in considering what is to become of their institution. It appears to be only the truth to say that Trinity must enter into confederation with Toronto or suffer ere long complete effacement from the educational map. Dr. Langtry objects because in his view Toronto is a "godless university," and by inference he adheres to Bishop Strachan's conception of a university which is not godless—that is to say, a university in which religious tests shall be applied in the case of both professors and students. No man, however, can advocate a return to such a system with any hope of success. The world has outgrown the notion of religious tests and disabilities, in education as in politics. What has a man's creed to do with his teaching of mathematics or chemistry? It is even less significant in connection with such things as in affairs of state, for while learning is essentially cosmopolitan and without race or country, the Church is still in politics, and the teacher is less likely to color truth with doctrine than the legislator is to do the bidding of the cloister while professing to serve his country. If Dr. Langtry in denouncing Ontario's "godless" university means that he would like to take us back to the days when only those who subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles could claim the privilege of either teaching or being taught, let Dr. Langtry say so in as many words, in order that everyone may understand exactly what he is driving at.

The experience of the Methodists in the federation of their Victoria University with Toronto ought to be rich in lessons of experience for other denominations struggling to carry out separatist educational programmes. Victoria has not suffered, but, on the contrary, has prospered, as the result of the union. And though Queen's has up to the present stoutly refused to consider the matter of surrendering her own little preserve in the eastern corner of Ontario, some of the best friends and supporters of the Presbyterian university are pointing out the inevitable fate awaiting Queen's in common with all such establishments in this day of consolidation of resources and centralization of energy. In the last number of the "Presbyterian," Rev. Prof. Seringer of Montreal, in an altogether remarkable letter discussing the future of Queen's, declares: "I have always been of the opinion that Queen's made a serious mistake in refusing the offer of confederation with Toronto University, proposed by the Provincial Government some years ago. Trinity University then did the same, but now has apparently reconsidered, and is likely to fall in. I presume the offer is still virtually open to Queen's as well. It has no objection to Government aid. There is no hope of obtaining that aid on its own terms. Let it accept it upon the Government's terms and all parties will be satisfied."

It is perfectly true that Queen's can now only remove to Toronto at much greater cost than would have been the case when the proposal was first made. But there is great reason to fear that if it refuses to do so it will be at the cost of its life. Its friends and graduates have made many sacrifices for its sake. Let them crown all these by one which seems dictated by common sense and sound policy. It will assuredly need more than their good wishes to save it in any other way."

THE spider-like tactics of the professional money-lending fraternity in enticing the unwary or the embarrassed into the interminable web of usury have received a good deal of attention at the hands of the press in great cities like New York and London, but very little in places the size of Toronto, though even here the financial blood-sucker who fattens on the substance of his helpless victims is by no means a curiosity. In fact there is a great deal of money-lending upon usurious terms in Toronto, and doubtless a great deal of misery and heart-break as a result. As a sample of the seductive invitations which are circulated amongst people likely to be entrapped, the following circular has been placed in my hands, and I am assured that thousands of these papers have been distributed in sealed envelopes at the doors of workmen, clerks, and those in only moderately comfortable circumstances:

"Toronto, Ont., —

"Dear Sir or Madam,— Did it ever occur to you how convenient it would be if you knew of some responsible firm that would act as your banker in case you were at any time financially embarrassed or in need of a little ready money? It is with the thought that you might at some future time need our assistance, that we have taken the liberty of sending you this private letter, trusting you will not be offended in case we can be of no service to you. It is certainly no disgrace to be short of money, but embarrassing to be obliged to borrow of your friends, thus letting them know of your financial difficulties.

"We have a large sum of money on hand which we wish to loan out in sums of \$10, up to \$500 on pianos, household goods, or personal property of any kind, the security to remain in the undisturbed possession of the borrower. We also make private loans on plain notes without endorser to salaried people holding permanent positions with responsible firms. If you are ever in need of a loan, we think it would be to your advantage to come to us for the following reasons. Our rates are less than you will have to pay at any other company in the city; we give the longest time and allow you to pay back in monthly or weekly payments such as your circumstances will permit. Loans taken for three, six, nine, or twelve months can be paid in full at any time and you will only be charged for the actual time you have the money. Every payment made on the amount borrowed reduces the interest in exact proportion. Our business is done on banking principles, and you will enjoy the same courtesy and confidential treatment you receive from your banker, in fact we look after our patron's welfare as well as our own.

"Our offices have private interviewing rooms and are so arranged that you can talk with us confidentially, and no one outside of our offices will know of your visit or that you are borrowing money. We would be very much pleased if you would call and see us, should you desire any further information. The interview will cost you nothing and you will be enabled to satisfy yourself as to the truth of these statements.

"In cases of sickness or death we grant extension on your loan, so you need have no fear of losing your security.

"Yours very respectfully,

"P.S.—Do not destroy this letter. It may be of service to you some time in the future."

Possibly those who will rise to such a bait, only to find the hook penetrating their gills, are deserving of little sympathy; yet it is to be remembered that a man in hard straits financially is not always the master of his own judgment, and that everyone is inclined to magnify his ability to discharge in the distant future responsibilities contracted in the immediate present. It looks easy to pay off, by instalments, in six, nine or twelve months, a sum which in the lump would appear formidable, but the borrower who has to resort to lenders who do business in back rooms and behind garret doors, generally finds that the interest keeps him sweating even when he has provided for principal. The reason users like to get hold of persons who have employment with responsible firms is that they may the more safely bleed them through the fear of exposure and dismissal. No matter how desperately situated, people should beware of placing themselves in the power of money-lenders for experience proves that there is no shorter cut to ruin and the grave-yard than by the get-money-easy route.

Starvation in New York.

"Town Topics."

Starvation in New York, with its millions of dollars a year expended in charities, ought to be an impossibility. But there have been three authenticated cases within a week and only God knows how many other men and women are suffering in silence, unable to get work, ashamed to beg, and overlooked by the officials of charity societies, homes and institutions

"How are you, old fellow? Are you keeping strong?" "No; only just managing to keep out of my grave." "I am sorry to hear that."

TYPES OF CANADIAN BEAUTY. XIII.



Photograph by Frederick Lyonde.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto is at her summer place in Kirkfield. Mr. Mackenzie is in England and will bring back his fifth daughter, Miss Katie, from school on his return.

Mr. Ernest Cattanach is having a most pleasant visit in England and on the Continent. He is now in Switzerland and intends visiting Northern Italy and Holland before returning to Toronto.

Mrs. Archie Langmuir and her family are in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. McAndrew, who has been so long an invalid, is also at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the heated term.

I hear a surprising report of the unheralded marriage of a well-known military man and a lady of high official connections. How it began I know not, but it does not bear the earmarks of truth.

Among those who went out for tea to the Lambton Golf Club on Saturday were Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald, who quite recently returned from a long sojourn abroad. Both are welcomed home with a great deal of pleasure by their friends, and are very well.

Polo and golf divide the interest of the habitues of the Hunt Club, and the interlude of five o'clock tea on the lawn is always a welcome one, for the riders and the golfers find the fairer sex looking cool and dainty on the veranda or lawn, to share their cup of tea, and a contingent of golfers in short skirts and sun-kissed hands come with the men folks from the links, "perishing for a cup of tea." The use of autos makes a speedy transit from town assured, and both at the Hunt Club and the Lambton Golf Club some of the "bubbles" are sure to be weekly standing awaiting their modish freight.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod of St. George street and their family are spending the vacation in Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. Miss McLeod is taking a course of treatment at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club Lawn Tennis Association have elected as their honorary president Commodore Aemilius Jarvis; president, Mr. J. J. Gibbons; vice-president, Mr. J. S. Douglas, and secretary-treasurer, Mr. Arthur Massey.

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There has been a depletion in the ranks of the old-time Islanders for the last couple of seasons, more than met, however, by quantities of new residents, and during this month there will be quite a little town over the bay. Among long-time standbys who are not over this season are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey and their young folks. Miss Muriel Massey is going to Cleveland to-day to visit Mrs. Baldwin, who was formerly Miss Wilkes of Thistledale.

A sad happening of the past month has been the sudden death from convulsions of the beautiful little youngest daughter of Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, which occurred during the short absence of Madame Rochereau in Brooklin, Ontario. Those who know the affectionate home life of these charming people and the unusual intelligence and loveliness of their little folk, will believe that the loss of wee Bernardine commands all the friendly sympathy they can express. Madame la Comtesse de Ruffieu left recently to attend the wedding of her niece in Paris, accompanied by her son René.

Miss Thompson of Denver and the Misses Lucille and Clara Crews, who are making a three months' tour of the waterways of the Eastern States and Canada, were in town on Wednesday at the King Edward. They left by boat on Thursday for Niagara, and took the boat from Buffalo to Mackinac Island on Thursday afternoon. I commend this sort of tour during the hot weather as more restful than an alternation of train and hotel life. The ladies were delighted with the King Edward, and pronounced it the prettiest hotel they had patronized. As our neighbors are, above all, able critics of hotels, in fact, as a humorist says, they prefer hotels to scenery, their praise of the King Edward is worth noting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh are touring in the Eastern Provinces. Quite a number of people are down in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia from Toronto.

During "les vacances" several of our well-known monadaines are having extensive improvements and alterations made in their residences. Mr. J. Herbert Mason's home, "Ermeleigh," is being made more commodious and attractive by the addition of a conservatory on the south side. Mr. G. Plunkett Magann is also adding a large wing to Thornleigh, which will much improve his charming residence. By the way, I hear he is also leaving for England on the 29th with his two elder sons, George and Hubert, whom he will place in the "Oratory" at Edgbaston, a school very highly recommended, and where at least one of our most popular society men received his education.

The Saturday afternoon and evening rendezvous at the Lambton Golf Club gains weekly in numbers and "chic." The beautiful, airy clubhouse, with its wide piazzas and fine rooms, its panoramic view of the sylvan surroundings which are eminently attractive, in fact quite English, with hill and dale and clumps of forest trees, with streamlet, lakelet, and an island about as big as a Twelfth Night raisin cake, around which the club men enjoy many a swim in early morning. I have the assurance of an experienced golfer and of the layer-out of scores of links that the equal of the Lambton links is hard to find, and the superior, at all events on this continent, impossible. The management does not sit down content, however, but is planning all sorts of nice things far ahead, to wit, a toboggan slide from the second balcony away out across the valley, which should be the perfection of fun. During the winter season, open house will be kept for the sleighing parties and tobogganers. At present "the" game is so fascinating that only gathering darkness drives the golfers home to dinner. There are no dull moments after the evening meal, either, for the club has enrolled musicians, composers, improvisateurs and vocalists, elocutionists and raconteurs, who, added to their talent, have the grace of good nature in using it. So, on last Saturday when the place was crowded for dinner, while the after-dinner smoke was de rigueur, Mrs. Austin, wife of the president, played, Mr. Percy Parker sang, and Mr. Prosecutor contributed a golf ditty to the catching tune of "Don't you know?" which brought down the house. Everyone enjoyed the informal concert, and at half-past ten a "special" dashed out to bring the jolly party home. I hear that a new house manager and staff went on duty this week, and better and

handsome silver articles.

coral necklace, and Mrs. Charles H. Pipon the second, a burnt wood jewel box. Mr. Bronson Rumsey of Buffalo took the consolation. Among those playing were Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Mrs. Hammond, Miss Butler, Mrs. E. H. Bickford, and Miss Alice Turner of Toronto. Wednesday there was the usual informal dance in the Casino. Friday has become known as golf day. There is always a competition Friday afternoon, which, with the accompanying tea, is much looked forward to. A mixed foursome was the event last week, and resulted in a new course record, 46, this score being made by Miss Butler of Toronto, and Mr. Boomer, playing scratch. The second prizes were won by Miss Fleischman of Buffalo and Mr. Kenneth Waters of Cleveland. On Saturday afternoon another medal competition was held over the same course, the prizes being presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Murray, very popular young society people of Pittsburgh summering here. Miss Butler of Toronto was among the prize winners.

The Niagara Tennis and Golf Club events of the present week include a clock golf competition, Tuesday; mixed doubles at tennis, Thursday; a men's handicap and a ladies' handicap, Friday. Prizes for the last mentioned event are offered by Mrs. Hammond of Toronto.

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Building Sale Price \$7.50

Ladies' Chiffon Ruffles

In black, white, and black and white, extra length. Regular \$8.00.

Building Sale Price \$5.50

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.
84-86 Yonge Street

Social and Personal.

A number of diners enjoyed the menu so well served at the Yacht Club Island house on Monday evening. Some of the summer visitors always take in these dinners, and peculiarly welcome are the "merry Americans" who go down into the "lakes" in "yachts." Several smart yachts have anchored off the club shore this season, and on Monday a Philadelphia party and on Tuesday a Detroit one were admiring our green embowered Yacht Club house.

Mrs. Paul Krell, who spent a short time in Toronto recently, is away to Eastern summer resorts, and will, I understand, return here later. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and their family are going to the seaside. Miss Margaret Thomson will accompany her sister.

Parties for Muskoka, Niagara and various other accessible points are being formed to spend to-morrow and Monday, the Civic Holiday, out of town.

The new flats (someone calls them the "Alexandra") on the corner of Sussex avenue and Huron street are nearing their ultimate appearance. They are on the English plan of architecture, with numbers of those iron balconies which, brimming over with flowers, make smart windows in London a thing of beauty one never quite forgets. There are all sorts of pleasant and thoughtful arrangements for comfort in these flats, which will be finished, I hear, in October. Four years ago I wrote an appeal to capitalists to build such structures, and assured them the demand would soon turn over their money in good shape, and the satisfaction of seeing my assurances amply justified has been public property. The St. George has what our republican neighbors call an "elegant" patronage; the two structures in course of completion will soon be equally full and popular, and it's up to the East Side to provide as good buildings for the increasing and clamorous ranks of servantless and exasperated housekeepers in every direction.

Miss Thompson of Pueblo, Cal., is at the King Edward on a visit to Canada.

It has leaked out that a recent registration of titled people at a leading hotel was made by a New York dramatic critic and his party as a practical joke. The Governor-General did not hear of it in time to wire invitations to Rideau Hall, but some of our "would-bees" called on the scamps and their cards are now in the list of "easies" of the dramatic critic and his mischievous pals.

Toronto men are getting wary, however, and when a traveler the other day called on a prominent savant and presented the card of a magnate of the East as his introduction, the savant promptly telephoned to the magnate to enquire whether the caller was known to him. Everything about the caller was distinguished and dignified, his intimate knowledge of his sponsor convinced the savant that only a personal acquaintance of some length could have bestowed it, and yet there was something about the visitor that wasn't just right. Imagine the consternation of the savant when the magnate cheerily replied: "Do I know Henry Colville? Why, my dear friend, it's my valet, who has just come into a bit of money and has gone on a trip until I am ready to take him back with me to Scotland. Why do you ask?" The savant told the valet why, later on, but was merciful enough to put the magnate off with some careless excuse. It isn't many years since a well accredited ticket-of-leave man was persona grata at some of the best houses in Toronto, for all the rogues and all the unsuspicious folk are not by any means dead yet.

Lady Meredith, Mrs. George Peters, Miss Miriam Helmuth and Mr. Jack Meredith, her fiance, are to spend August on the Maine coast.

General and Mrs. Sandham are with Lady Gzowski at the Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are at Yeadon Hall during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Stair and their little son Philip of St. George street are up the Saguenay.

The marriage of Miss Osler of Craigleigh and Mr. Wilmott Matthews will take place towards the end of this month.

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Miss Olive Walker is in Winnipeg on a most enjoyable visit with Colonel and Mrs. Ruttan.

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In black, white, and black and white, extra length. Regular \$8.00.

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secured from the secretary at the club house on the evening of the dance.

Dr. and Mrs. Howitt and Miss Amy Howitt spent a few days in town on their return from the Pacific coast, and have now gone for a few weeks to the lake, Muskoka.

Mr. Bertha Dymond, late of 109 College street, now of 23 Brunswick avenue, leaves by boat to spend a month in Maine and Boston, accompanied by Miss Adams, 23 Brunswick avenue, who goes to visit a sister in Strong, Me. They will return September 1.

Mrs. Adams of 200 Borden street leaves on August 4 for Winnipeg, where she intends to reside in future. Mr. Adams left some months ago.

The following are the guests registered at the Minicogashene, Georgian Bay: Mr. H. Gordon Mackenzie and family, Mrs. and the Messrs. F. and B. Macaulloch, Mr. H. J. Scott, K.C., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. and the two Misses Rose, Miss Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMahon, Miss M. A. Snively, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sykes, Mr. Frank Wyld, Toronto; Captain G. C. Beardsley, Mr. B. Hubbard, Mr. W. H. Gopline, Mr. G. L. Schriver, Cleveland; Major C. Van Straubenzee, Kingston; Mrs. Playfair, Mrs. W. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Anton, Miss Morice, Miss Gault, Montreal; Mr. John Paterson, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Ryder, Toronto; Mr. Dwight J. Turner, Midland; Mrs. Wen Dale, St. Mary's; Mr. Edward Rogerson, Mr. Ed. A. Rogerson, Mr. M. Wheeler, Miss Clara B. Torrey, Le Roy, N.Y.; Judge Piper, Niagara Falls; Mr. W. E. Liptrrott, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Vida Rogerson, Miss B. M. Wooding, Le Roy, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Angus Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Cautley, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Baker, Washington, D.C.; Mr. Hobson, Midland; Mr. O. W. Scott, Listowel.

With the death of Mr. J. C. Bailey Canada loses one of its most prominent chief engineers. He was seventy-eight, but an active man till within a few months of his death. He has been chief engineer of many roads during their construction, and was a kindly man, universally trusted, both as to his honesty and his ability. The railroad men in Canada will be saddened by his death, even at so ripe an old age.

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Mrs. Hartley Dewart returned from her Continental trip last week, her return being, I presume, hastened by the lamented death of her father-in-law, Rev. Dr. Dewart, who, as his compagons de voyage, the Misses Gartshore, of Hamilton, are still abroad.

Mrs. Creelman left this day fortnight for England and is now enjoying some holiday weeks with her two elder daughters. Miss Edith, wisest of small girls, is spending the time with her aunt, Miss Jennings. Mr. Alec Creelman, who is the happiest man in Canada just now, spent last Sunday with relatives in Toronto. I hear so many nice things about his fiance, Miss Wylie, that his bliss seems quite justifiable. The many warm friends Mr. Creelman has here and elsewhere are sending him tons of congratulations.

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Cravennette
It is rainproof, yet looks, feels and wears like any other good piece of cloth. You can get Cravennette if you insist.

O'KEEFE'S. Liquid Extract of Malt

If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keeffe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insures sound sleep.

One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist,
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A popular priced Corset for the woman of fashion—long hip—low bust—made in white and dove.

Ask for Crompton's Style 343. It Pleases all Smart Women.

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The most reliable and perfect fitting Glove.

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your own material, if desired. See us before purchasing your goods. We can save you money.

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Every Skirt to fit and give satisfaction in every detail.

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1st Floor over Singer Office.

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smoother and more correct social note manufactured to-day—snow-white vellum finished—two sizes, small and large envelopes to match—most fashionable shapes. Ask for "Crown Vellum" Notepaper

A BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

L. THOUGH the affair attracted much interest at the time, and many reports, some of them highly imaginative, were circulated through the district, there is, I believe, no one so competent to give a plain, substantial account as myself; for I was present at the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last scene.

"It all comes along of this new edition," said the village cronies (we were in the fifties then). "If he hadn't been edicated, he couldn't a' done it."

"Edication" or no, the news fell like a thunderbolt on our country-side: the Squire's house broken into, his old butler wounded, and chief of all, the famous diamonds stolen! Simple folk could scarcely realize a parallel audacity; as for our village constable, he was fathomed out of his depth even in the shallows of such a mystery. Special men came down from London for the case, and after a month's silence, a development was arrived at.

Many years have passed—more, indeed, than I care to reckon—since that eventful afternoon, yet the memory of it still lingers with me vividly, for I was but a stripling at the time, and unused to the harsh realities of the world.

Picture to yourself an autumn day, quiet on the ear, but raw and damp to one's flesh, with little drops of water hanging from every brown leaf, and clouds of steam rising from the horses' backs, and behind them your servant, plowing alone in a far outlying field.

There could be few more solitary tasks, for the place being remote and wild, you might work there a year and a day without hearing the sound of a man's voice.

At the bottom of the field ran a strip of wood about three hundred yards wide, and extending a mile or so up the valley. As I plodded slowly in the furrow, I whistled to myself for company's sake, and had thus got well into the swing of my labor, when, turning on one headland, I caught sight of three figures creeping down the field under the shelter of the opposite hedge. As they reached the spot to which my plowing led me they halted, and watched my steady progress across the field towards them. They were fine, strong men. I noted, respectfully clad in sober-colored clothes. Inexperienced as I was, in their stalwart upright bearing, the squareness of their shoulders, their heavy clean shaved jaws and fixed expression, I recognized, through the civilian attire, that most curious and at times terrible product—the disciplined man. As I drew my horses up, one, who appeared the leader, and carried, I remember, a smart little cane, which he bent before him in both hands, spoke to me.

"Farmer Hazlitt's son, I believe?" he said.

I replied that was so.

"Well, Mr. Hazlitt, your father," he continued, "down at the farm, told me you would give some information."

I was at his disposal, I said.

He kept under the hedge, and spoke in a low tone, yet the words were distinct, and his manner to the point.

"First, then, is that Croomley Wood?" he asked, pointing to the lower side of the field, where the land sloped into the valley.

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you know it well?"

"As well as any person in the parish, for very few go there save the gypsies for firewood."

"How many paths are there in it?" was his next question.

"Only one."

"Could a man push through it elsewhere?"

"It is possible, of course," I said; "but you would hear him half a mile off." He appeared pleased at my answer, and nodded a sharp "Good."

"Now, where does this single path run?" starting again.

"About six yards in the wood from the bottom of this field."

"Then if I stand down there I cannot miss seeing or hearing anyone who passes through the wood?"

"No," I replied.

"And if anyone comes from that direction—he pointed across the valley—"it will be also impossible!"

"Yes; but in that case," I added, "I should myself catch a glimpse of them from here, as the path rises almost out of the wood for a few yards at one place."

"Good," he said once more; "it is a pleasure to question you, Mr. Hazlitt. One thing more let me beg of you, and that is to oblige me by going on with your plow as if you had not seen us. A look, a word from you at a critical point might spoil one of the prettiest bits of work ever put up."

I said he might rely on me.

"If you see anything, don't say anything, but keep your horses moving," were his last rather enigmatical words.

They went, falling naturally in step and in line, down the hedge, whilst I pulled my team round for another turn, and so had my back to them till I had crossed the field. When I again faced in their direction, I saw that they were concealed at various distances along the top of the wood, and that two comrades of the same substantial build had joined them, making in all five. Journeying from headland to headland in the usual stolid fashion of men that follow the plow, I could not help fancying that I was in a manner playing the part of decoy to some unsuspecting wretch; but, reflecting it was none of my business, I persevered on my way to and fro. Thus about two hours passed. What happened then?—nothing but the crowding of a cock pheasant, answered almost immediately by a rival from another part of the wood. Had not my eye chanced to rest at that moment on the only one of the five watchers distinctly visible to me (the man whose questions I had answered) the thing would have passed me unnoticed. He (the watcher) had made himself fairly comfortable even among the dripping branches, with the smart cane stuck in the ground before him, and a short pipe in his mouth. On the first pheasant-call he put the pipe smartly in his pocket and changed his position stealthily to one of extreme readiness. So long as I faced towards the wood I could, of course, be keenly on the alert

without betraying it; but in the return furrow this was impossible, save by breaking my promise in looking round. I resisted the temptation till halfway across, when an uncontrollable impulse led me to drop one of the lines and thus obtain an opportunity of glancing behind me. It was the affair of a moment, it is true, but I saw the figure of a woman flitting hurriedly along the wood-path; she carried a small basket under her arm. "Martha Foster—Ned the poacher's wife," rose instinctively to my lips. Another yard and she was hidden by a thicket. I was so surprised that I made no attempt to continue plowing, but stood staring at the opening through which I had seen her. A deep and, to me, solemn silence reigned; then a startled magpie fled chattering from the branches, followed almost immediately by the shrill scream of a woman, and a yell, half rage, half defiance, so intense, so savage, that I scarcely thought it came from a man, but rather from some wild animal at bay. Scream after scream writhed me as, leaving my team, I rushed down to the wood. At a broadening of the path three figures were struggling with a prostrate man; two others held a woman back, who clawed and shrieked like a fury; on the ground lay her basket, with the food it contained scattered and trodden in the drifts of damp, sodden leaves. There was a sharp metallic click, and the three stalwart men rose, leaving their prisoner handcuffed on his hands.

"Come, missus, be reasonable," said the leader; "you'll only do him harm now."

Even she cowered before their calm, machine-like impassibility, and her cries subsided to a low moaning. They lifted Ned Foster to his feet, put their clothes, disordered and muddy from the encounter, to rights, lit their pipes, and exchanged a few words, such as: "Smart bit of business," "Very pretty indeed," "Glad to hear that pheasant-call," and so forth. "Now then, my lads, fall in and let's be marching," said the leader, picking up his cane.

Since his capture Ned Foster had pre-

served a sullen silence, but now he growled out: "What's this along of me now?"

"Squire Venne's diamonds and wound-

ing his butler," was the brief reply.

"Come, best foot forward, or we sha'n't reach in till dark."

Before they left the fields to enter the closed in lanes, Ned Foster turned for one last look at a white cottage standing alone in the fields across the valley, whence the woman had come bringing the food that led to his capture—the home which should know him no more. But his wife, following last and unguarded—for they had no fear of her attempting to escape—let her eyes wander neither to the right nor left, nor indeed ever lift them from the prisoner, who, with hands crossed before him, strode doggedly beside his captors.

Thus the curtain falls on Alpha, the first scene in this history. Before telling the second and final, I must pause to give a few, very few words of explanation.

Squire Venne was a gentleman of an ancient family, moderate estates, and emphatic pretensions to social position. There were two things for which the Vennes had, during many years, been distinguished, both to their country friends and to our village folks—first, their chronic improvidence, and the straits they were often put to as a result; secondly, the famous family diamonds, which Mrs. Venne wore on every possible occasion, to the great comment of other county ladies. Many a time had financial storms arisen which threatened to swamp Squire Venne and his house, for ever unless the famous jewels were sacrificed to still the troubled waters. Yet when all seemed lost through this unaccountable obstinacy, at that very moment, by some mysterious negotiations, other expedients were always found; and though report often had it that at last the diamonds had been sold, with the next Hunt Ball Mrs. Venne was again the envy of her neighbors.

"To come to this!" he said in a hoarse voice.

There was a long silence, broken at length by the other. "Hold up, my friend; you learnt what to expect," he said, flicking himself with a red silk handkerchief.

"They told me that she was dead; they told me the old house was fallen; but could a man a' believed this?—trees growing from the hearth; beasts of the field treading through it as they will." His voice rose in pitch at each word.

"Hush! somebody might hear us, my friend; you know we have got better work on hand to-night than crying over split milk." He spoke with a cunnning power in his voice.

"Ay, you're right, my lad," cried the elder man, his voice changing at once; "that's all gone and done with. I've paid the price—fifteen years of hell, and this!"—he waved his hand round the ruins; "but it's my turn at last. Such sparklers, my lad, such sparklers!"

"Now you are talking like a man should," approved the other, nodding his head. "so let's get to business; that fool in front of us on the road has delayed it more than enough already."

This was the home-coming of Ned Foster, and thus I chanced to be a spectator of the sequel to the great diamond robbery.

Ned Foster was in due time tried, convicted and sentenced to be transported; the evidence of his guilt was absolutely conclusive. Martha Foster, against whom lay nothing beyond taking food to her husband, was discharged, when she returned to live alone in the old white cottage.

The surprise in the village at the capture of the poacher was very great, for it was not thought even that he was in the district, as he had set out (it was now remembered against him) with great ostentation up-country in search of work a week before the robbery, and had not been seen since. Having always been a morose, sullen man, not much pity was felt for him by his neighbors, though a distinct note of elation might be generally observed that, after all, the affair was the result of local talent.

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the convict worked out his punishment, and still the diamonds glittered unseen, unknown, from their hiding-place.

II.

It is a long entr' acte to my second scene—fifteen years. In such a space changes come to even a country village. Time did not spare ours. Martha Foster had died; the close of her life was passed in solitude, half forced on her, half sought, but utter and complete. The white cottage had fallen into ruins; doors, window-frames, and later even rafters were burnt by wandering gypsies on their camp-fires; cattle sought shelter in it from rain and sun; over the earth a stout elderberry-tree shot up, showing its branches above the four bare walls that alone remained partly intact; in the garden before the house rabbits from Croomley Wood sported at dusk—they had little to fear now from Ned Foster, the poacher. Yet, if in some places age, decay and death had sown their desolation, in others the signs of new work and progress appeared: a school, a public-house, a railway, marked their different aspects. It was from the nearest station on this line that I found myself trudging one dark night. The season was a rainy one, I remember; the sky, like many of its fellows, showered, and though it was fine when I left the little platform, the clouds now threatened an outburst at any moment. I am not a timid man, yet many times in that walk through the wet, muddy lanes I glanced over my shoulders uneasily into the darkness. I fancied continually that I caught the sound of footsteps at a measured distance behind me; pausing to listen, there was nothing but a tremendous rustling of leaves before the rain. About a mile from home I reached a field-path, in crossing which a considerable saving in time and labor could be effected by those who knew it well enough to travel by night. After a moment's hesitation—for the nervous feeling still had a grip of my mind—a few large spots of rain urged me to immediate decision; so, leaving the road, I pushed on at a swinging stride along the lonely footpath. Down came the rain in heavy thunder-drops. Recalling thankfully that my way led by the ruined poacher's cottage, I quickened pace and neared the four bare walls at a run. Had I gone inside there would have been more shelter, but the darkness of the interior looked so blank and eerie that I merely crouched under the outside masonry, comforting myself with the thought that the shower would probably be as short as it was fierce. I might have stood there five minutes, when a noise, the clink of a nailed boot on stone, startled me. Peering in through an opening where two of the walls had gaping apart, I saw, to my astonishment, a faint light shining. This speck, growing larger and brighter, resolved itself into a candle flickering from a nook of the dilapidated fireplace; beside it, as if waiting for the feebly wick to gather force, stood two men. A tangled mass of creepers drooped across the gap in the sides of the cottage, and enabled me to watch intently their movements without much risk of being observed; for which, when the light fell more strongly on them, I felt very grateful, as their appearance did not invite confidence. Beyond this one mutual trait, they were types of men as unlike as possible. The nearest to me was of small build, unmistakably Jewish in countenance, and dressed in shabby smart clothes, from which he now scraped recent mud-splashes carefully; the other had a powerful frame, a hard, worn face, wild eyes, and unkempt grizzled hair. He looked like some ragged outcast, and carried, I noticed with alarm, a short iron bar. This man stood shading his eyes with one hand, whilst he gazed round the deserted home.

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"Come, this is no way of doing business, friend," again said the Jew. He scanned the convict's face long and thoughtfully, after which he started the most extraordinary cross-examination I have ever heard, putting one question after another, and perceiving the coming answer so rapidly that the man before him had not time to form his words ere he anticipated them and passed to another query. They ran something after this: "Now, friend," in a sharp voice, "which room did you live in? which room did you see the light in of nights when you came home from work? This, you say," as they walked to the end of the cottage indicated. "Now where did you have your table? In the middle of the room?—right, friend. When you sat at your supper, were you near the fire? About a yard and a half off, was it? Very well, then, we may put one side of the table here." He marked the distance off from the old hearth by a stone. "How broad was this table? A little over a yard, you think, friend." He again placed a stone to mark it. "Now was there anything between this side of the table and the wall? A dresser where your wife kept her crockery?—good. Could you pass easily between this dresser and the table? Yes. Well, we will give it this much, and, adding a yard for the width, it will bring the wall here," placing another stone.

So, after similar measurements in all directions and innumerable questions, a complete ground-plan of the cottage was obtained, and finally a certain spot located under which the Jew confidently asserted was the particular flag-stone they required.

The consternation of the convict had now left him; a feverish eagerness prevailed in his stead, and he fled to the excavation of earth and fallen masonry, which had accumulated to some depth over the stone floor of the cottage. It was heavy work, and the single tool they had was of little assistance to them; so, unwilling as he seemed to be, the worker was soon compelled to relinquish the task to his companion, who continued it in a much more leisurely style. Ned Foster now squatted down, holding the candle, and presently, when his breath had returned, spoke again:

"When I remember all I've gone through for these diamonds and how little you've done, it makes me wonder how I ever came to share 'em with you," he said, musing gloomily.

The Jew straightened his back for a moment as he replied contemptuously:

"You—what can you do without me, friend? Get caught over the first stones; then five minutes, when a noise, the clink of a nailed boot on stone, startled me. Peering in through an opening where two of the walls had gaping apart, I saw, to my astonishment, a faint light shining. This speck, growing larger and brighter, resolved itself into a candle flickering from a nook of the dilapidated fireplace; beside it, as if waiting for the feebly wick to gather force, stood two men. A tangled mass of creep

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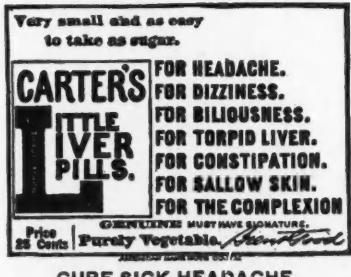
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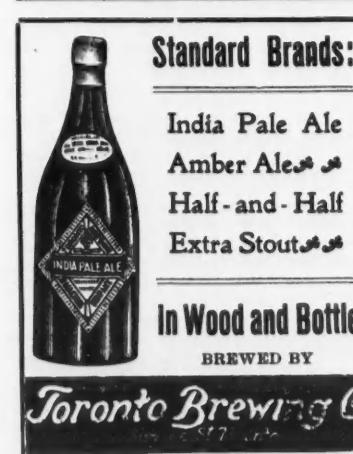
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Curious Bits of News.

According to records of lynchings, as preserved by the Chicago "Tribune" for seventeen years, there are but four States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Utah—in which mob vengeance has not prevailed. The South has furnished four-fifths of the recorded lynchings, having executed 2,080 out of the 2,516 illegally killed. Of the total, 1,673 were negroes.

Attention has frequently been called to the fact that in the field of music there has been no truly great woman composer. When, a few months ago, a music-drama by Miss Ethel M. Smyth was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the event was sufficiently unusual to arouse interest apart from the quality of the opera itself. The only woman who has succeeded to any notable degree in operatic composition is Ingeborg von Bransart, who recently celebrated in Germany her fiftieth artistic jubilee. One of her operas has been produced in fourteen theaters, another in five.

"An effective design to prevent horses running away has been patented by a Nebraskan," says the "American Inventor." "With this device the driver or rider has only to pull a cord lying parallel to the reins and a bellows-like curtain is drawn over both eyes to shut out the sight completely. In this condition the animal can only stand and tremble until the object causing the fright has passed, when the curtain is lifted by releasing the cord and the horse travels on as before. The curtain is housed in a small semi-circular leather casing just above the eyes and the operating cords are inserted in the bit-rings before passing back with the reins."

The using of electric light in bathrooms, either public or private, so it is asserted by an English engineer, is dangerous in many cases. Writing to the "Government Gazette," he says that "the electric light switches most usually employed have brass covers and brass knobs, and it is quite possible that this metal work may be in unsuspected contact with the electric supply wires. In such a case a person standing on a dry wooden floor, and using the switch, would not notice any defect, but anyone in the act of taking a bath, or standing with bare feet on a wet or metallic floor, and attempting to turn on the light, would receive a very severe shock which would probably prove fatal even at the comparatively low pressure of 220 volts."

M. Santos-Dumont's experiments in aerial navigation in Paris during the past fifteen days have attracted public attention. A Paris correspondent to "Nature" (London) says: "M. Dumont was seen flying over the Longchamps Hippodrome when the race was actually going on; at another time he went to his private residence in the Champs Elysees, left his balloon to the care of his assistants, who had followed his aerial track in an automobile, took his customary breakfast, and returned to the balloon-shed near Puteaux Gate, in the Bois de Boulogne. On another occasion he sailed from the Puteaux Gate to Bagatelle, where he landed during a parade. But the area of his promenades is very limited, and sometimes the balloon has to be carried by hand for a part of the way; so it is not possible to say if M. Santos-Dumont has really improved his speed and stability." The daily press of July 14 announces that M. Dumont appeared above the Longchamps race course during the fetes of that day and saluted President Loubet by blowing his whistle and by a salvo of revolver shots.



"Poor soul, 'e do look lonely all by 'isself! Ain't you glad you've got us with you, 'Enry?"—Punch.

at the time of his death. Latterly he wrote like a scold, and with grotesque affectation, his only creditable production in recent years having been a raucous, but on the whole, sound protest against the flood of twaddle in which foolish admirers had been whelming his old friend Stevenson.

"In Double Harness" is the title of Anthony Hope's new novel, a society story which will come out next spring.

Especially attractive for midsummer reading is the number of the "Living Age" for August 1. Opening with an article from the "Edinburgh Review" on "The Supernatural in Nineteenth Century Fiction," and following with that instalment of "The Oberies" in which M. Bazin's fascinating story draws towards its climax, it contains also some delightful letters of Charles Dickens, just published in "Chambers's Journal," and a clever short story from the "Cornhill Magazine," called "His Excellency's Attache."

The anonymous "Reminiscences of an Interviewer" in the "Reader" for August treat of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse, and a new and intimate impression is given of these two famous women. "Italy is the land where every poet goes for the inspiration of his life, and whence people come to dig our sewers," says Mr. Bernard G. Richards in his "Countries I Have Never Seen" and this opening paragraph is an indication of the paradoxical spirit of the whole article. One of the strongest features of the varied contents of this number is "Letters from Editors to a Literary Aspirant," in which the writer points out with the help of quotations from letters in his possession, the great help and encouragement that was offered to him, an unknown "literary aspirant," by well-known editors. "The Fortunes of Fifi," by Molly Elliot Sewell, is continued with a sixteen page instalment.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes")

N. "The Valkyries" (Unwin's Colonial Library), Mr. E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," has essayed the peaks of poetic romance with no mean success. The narrative follows as closely as possible the libretto of Wagner's well-known opera of the same name. But Mr. Benson has passed the grim old Norse legend through the prism of his own imagination, and has turned out not only a high order of English prose, replete with poetic imagery the most striking and beautiful, but a story of sustained and compelling interest and tensely dramatic at every turn. There is a wondrous directness and simplicity about all the old Norse and German mythology. Woden and Walhalla still have power to stir the one drop of Saxon or Danish blood in the veins of the modern Englishman. The story of the Valkyries in its newest dress will be read with absorption by many not previously familiar therewith.

The late William Ernest Henley was not only a writer himself, but the cause of writing in others. It is probable, indeed, that if he is remembered at all it will be as a journalist with a faculty for "encouraging" young men, and as the writer who had more imitators than anyone else of his time, with the exception of Stevenson. There used to be a Henley cult, and there are still belated enthusiasts who will tell you, with soulful solemnity, that the lines in which he trumpeted forth his steadfast resolution to control his own destiny are forged of the pure gold of poetry and philosophy. But the cult as a cult no longer exists. It fell into disrepute when readers began to realize that Mr. Henley's too vigorous way of writing had raised up a school of literary bad manners and bumptiousness. "When he wished to make a point he drove it in with a sledge hammer," says the New York "Tribune," "when he dissented from another writer, he smote him with a flail." He was so fearful that people might think him afraid of writing in others. It is probable, indeed, that his offer of marriage has been rejected entirely depends upon circumstances.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 103½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received"—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—\$5000 for self if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, it is justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?" Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.



The fast and up-to-date service via Grand Trunk is unexcelled for a holiday trip. Tickets will be issued at single first fare for the round trip from Toronto to stations in Canada, Montreal and west, also to Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Port Huron, Detroit, Mich., also to points on Muskoka Lakes. Good going p.m. trains Saturday, August 1, all trains August 2 and 3, valid for return until August 4. There will be a special boat service on Muskoka Lakes for Civic Holiday. Night Express leaving Toronto 12:05 a.m. Sunday, August 2, will make direct connection at Muskoka Wharf with steamer for points on Muskoka Lakes, including Beaumaris, Bala, Port Carling, Windermere, Port Sandfield, Royal Muskoka, Rosseau, Maplehurst, and points on Lake Joseph. On Monday, August 3, special steamer will leave Royal Muskoka Hotel at 11:30 p.m. (connection can be made with this steamer from other points on lakes), making direct connection at Muskoka Wharf with Grand Trunk Express, arriving Toronto 7 a.m. For tickets, information and descriptive literature of summer resorts in Highlands of Ontario apply to Grand Trunk city ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

How to Wear the "Mitten."

WHAT course a man should pursue when his offer of marriage has been rejected entirely depends upon circumstances. In the first place, if he is perfectly certain that she is the one and only woman in the world for him, he must weigh her rejection very carefully, and find out for himself whether or not her "No" may not mean "Yes" after all. Many rejected suitors, forgetting that a woman's negative is only an affirmative under another name, have taken their answer as final and departed, vowing perpetual celibacy or seeking for some other young lady to propose to.

On the other hand, a man may entirely spoil any future chances of success which he might have had by trying his fate again on the supposition that she did not mean what she said. If he had given her time she might have realized what she was throwing so lightly away, and have eventually reconsidered her decision.

Some men fail to grasp the sense of rejection at all, and by sheer persistency they win in the long run. There is good reason to doubt whether this class of man will be the happiest after marriage.

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the race week, a meadow was always left unmown so that the princesses might enjoy the cutting, and subsequent hay-making, and the rick made from it used to be called "The Princesses' Rick."

Nowadays.

"Is my hat on straight?" the women-folks long years ago would say, but nowadays the men they ask quite gruff. Before they leave their families in the morning, night or day, "Is my hat knocked out of shape enough?"—Judge.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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PUBLIC interest in rowing in this country will be put to the test next Friday and Saturday, upon the occasion of the first Royal Canadian Henley Regatta, which will be held on the new permanent course of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen on a small lake formed by an expansion of the waters of the old Welland Canal between St. Catharines and Port Dalhousie. Everything points to the success of the undertaking, and it will be a great surprise to all those interested if the regatta does not turn out to be one of the most brilliant events of the kind ever held in the Dominion. The gentlemen who have devoted so much of their time and attention simply for the love of the sport, will consider themselves amply repaid if the affair comes up to expectations. The entry list published this week indicates that the racing will be of the very best. Considerable satisfaction was expressed when it became definitely known that C. S. Titus, the champion single sculler of America, had not declined the issue. Titus assured the C.A.A.O. officials that he would be a sure starter in the senior singles at the Canadian Henley, as he had an old score to settle with Lou Scholes, the Toronto club representative. Nothing was heard from Titus himself in regard to his entry until Wednesday, when a wire was received from New York saying that his entry had been sent by mail. In the meantime, it was announced in New York by the "Herald" that Titus would not come to Canada and the champion therefore came in for a lot of unnecessary criticism.

Last year Scholes went to New York and beat Titus on his own water, and the New Yorker is evidently anxious to retrieve his lost laurels on a neutral course such as would be found at St. Catharines. Titus claims to be rowing several seconds faster this summer, and the "Herald" remarks with much assurance that "there is no one in sight who can defeat him this year, barring accidents and F. Vesseley and Scholes are about the only men who can make him perspire in a race."

Vesseley will likely be a contestant at St. Kitts as well as F. Fussell, his rowing partner from New York. The former is a most promising sculler, and the Toronto oarsmen who saw him perform so admirably at Philadelphia at the Fourth of July regatta against Titus predict for him a brilliant future. New Yorkers look for Vesseley to beat Scholes at St. Catharines just as he did last year on the Harlem River, when he was a comparatively unknown sculler.

It seems incongruous to talk about Rugby football in the dog days, but the issuance of the official guide of the Ontario Rugby Union this week compels mention of the subject. In this province we are to have a brand new article of football this coming autumn, as the rules formulated last winter will come into effect for the first time. Under the new regulations it is expected that the earliest traditions of Rugby football will be restored—that it will be a kick and run and passing game almost exclusively. The days of the venerable scrummage, the mauling, sprawling pile of humanity with the ball concealed from the spectators' gaze three-fourths of the time, are gone forever, so 'tis said, for which measure of relief we of the side lines must rise up and give thanks.

Because of the manner in which the clubs are taking up the game at such an early date—and already clubs in different sections of the country are hard at work practicing the new rules—it is expected that this fine autumn sport will witness the greatest boom in its history. The beauty of it all is that no club will have an advantage; all will have equal opportunities to become proficient at the new style of play, and starting from that basis it will be no matter of wonderment if the game should enjoy an exceptional vogue.

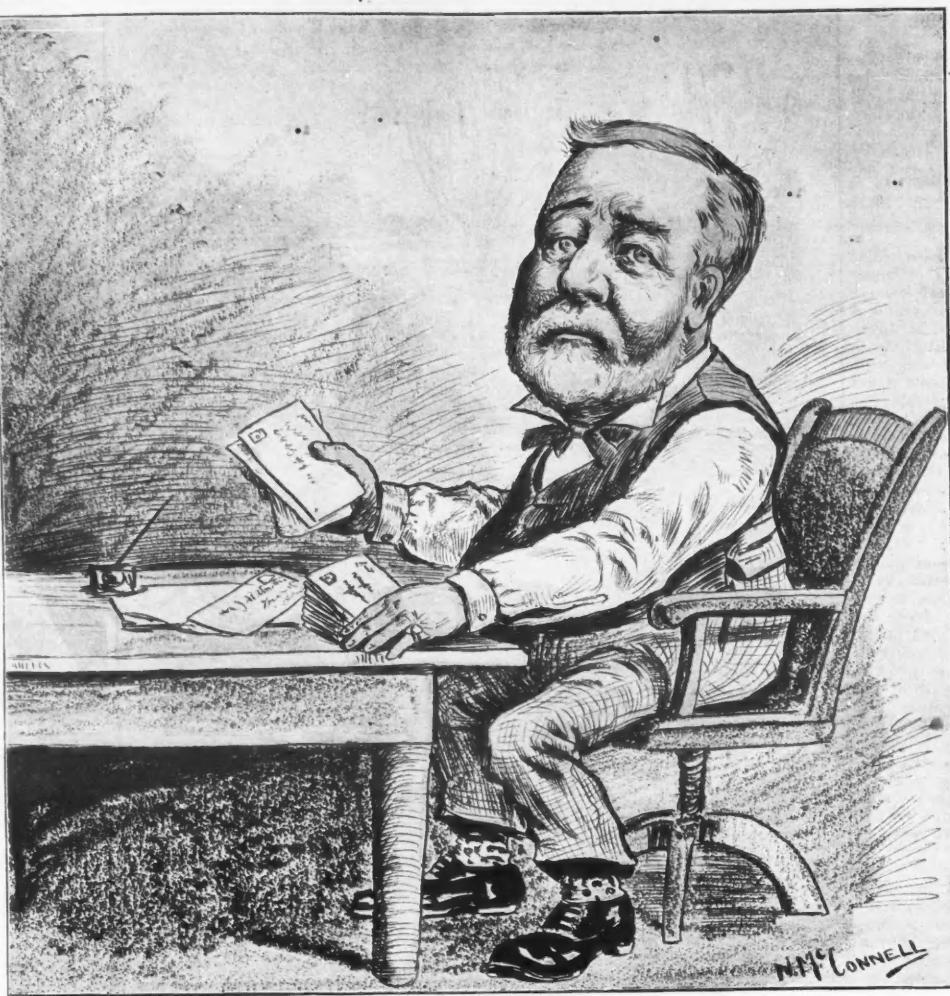
The fact that only twelve players are now required for a team will prove a benefit in the small towns, where sometimes it was a difficult matter to secure fifteen men to play. The abolition of the scrummage will do away with the necessity of hunting up a trio of human giants to enable a team to have a ghost of a chance to win, as in the days gone by. Weight and brute strength have been sacrificed in favor of speed and skill. The 130-pounder who can run and kick and handle the ball will be the man selected, while the 200 and 250-pounders will retire to the obscurity of the clubhouse.

Much more meritorious in every conceivable manner will be the game with the introduction of the snap-back system. The chief merit from a spectator's viewpoint—and after all that is the main consideration—is that the ball will always be in sight and not constantly hidden from view under a sprawling mass of players. The exhibitions given in Toronto last fall were convincing in this respect, and those who have been seeking for years for "an open game" believe that the new rules will fill the bill to a nicely.

In the selection of the all-Ontario eleven to meet Quebec in the inter-provincial cricket match at Ottawa on the 14th and 15th inst., the committee picked out about the best fielding team they could gather within the confines of the province. This came somewhat in the nature of a surprise and probably was concession to the frequent criticism we hear in Canada in regard to the inefficiency of many cricketers in the line of fielding. The team looks a bit weak in bowling, but the men who will be depended upon to do the bulk of the work are what are known as "heady players" and they may do better than their critics are willing to concede. The mantle of captain has fallen upon Mr. J. L. Counsell of Hamilton, whom no more ardent nor able all-round sportsman exists in Canada to-day. It is worthy of note that at least five members of the team excel in other branches of sport. Mr. Lyon is one of our very best golfers, Mr. Hynes a star hockey player, and Messrs. Counsell, Mackenzie and Baldwin brilliant Rugbyists, the three last-named having at different times played center half-back for the Toronto University team.

A combined golf team from Oxford and Cambridge Universities will play in Montreal and Toronto about the first of September, besides covering a very elaborate schedule of games in the United States. The golfers will be better players than the lacrosseists from the English universities who are this week concluding a visit to Canada, and their appearance here will be noted with a considerable degree of interest. The game in this city will be played on the links of the Toronto Golf Club.

There will be several innovations at the Canadian Henley.



SNUBBED!

Hon. J. R. Stratton—Strange I haven't received a bid to the Gamey banquet. I invited him to mine.

All the races will be straightaway for the full Henley distance, viz., 1 mile, 550 yards. During the past few years it has been customary for the C.A.A.O. to have all the events but the one for eight-oared crews rowed with a turn. The straightaway course will make each contest a pure test of skill, as the turn has been known to bother many oarsmen in the past who were unable to get around the buoy without a great waste of time.

The new grand stand, situated on the old tow-path, was completed this week. It affords a perfect view of the course from end to end. The finish is directly in front of the stand and the contestants will be in sight of the spectators all the way. The trolley company will run observation cars, as the railway companies do for the college races on the Hudson River, while the beautifully wooded banks of the lake furnish an ample view of the entire course.

Lawn Bowling.

THE tournament at London of the Western Ontario Bowling Association was concluded on Saturday, the 25th ult. The meeting was a great success in numbers, as in quality of both bowling and prizes, and had it not been for the dismal weather on the opening days, might be classed as the best tournament held this year. The Clinton club did very remarkable work, winning the Labatt trophy, with Galt as runners up, the Association match, the doubles, and being in the finals in the special singles. Toronto was only in evidence in being runners up in the Consolation, through Wynn's rink of the Victorias. The singles went to H. Finchamp of London, who defeated Reid of Ridgeway by 3 shots and Elliot of Mitchell won the special singles.

The lawn bowling craze has largely developed this season and summer visitors at Lorne Park, Grimsby Park and Jackson's Point have entered into the spirit of the game with much avidity; in fact, the fairer sex are emulating their "superiors" in the formation of clubs and the players vote it far ahead of golf.

In the friendly matches played, the Granites easily defeated the Hamilton Thistles on the latter's lawn by 18 shots in a four-rink game. Prospect Park played a close game with the R.C.Y.C., winning by only 3. Kew Beach administered a crushing defeat to St. Matthew's and were themselves losers to four rinks of the Victoria club on their own ground. A peculiar game was played on the Caer-Howell ground between that club and the Toronto Thistles, when, by the remarkable play of Boyd's rink, being 28 up against Dr. Elliott, the Thistles won by 5 shots.

City and country bowlers are now looking forward to the concluding tournament of the too-short season, to be held at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, commencing August 10th next. Valuable prizes will be given, and as this meet-

ing is a favorite one with the bowlers, a record attendance is assured. In addition to Montreal, it is understood some clubs from the other side of the line will compete.

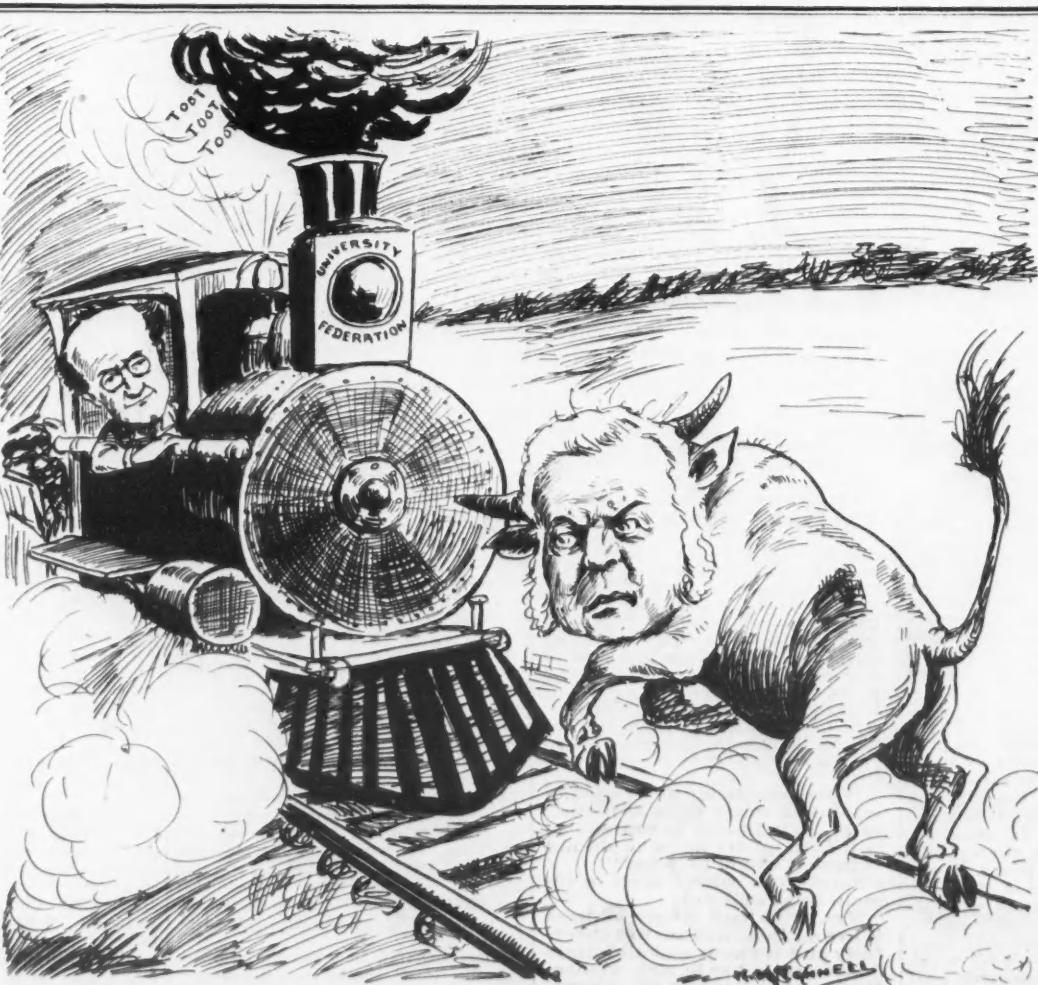
LUNA.

The Floor-Walker.

"WELL, wait till I tell you! What d'ye think that fresh new floor-walker did this mornin'? Tried to call me down for gettin' in five minutes late an' me stayin' here till ha'-past nine las' night arrangin' stock! Wouldn't that put you out? Well, I should say! What that fellow needs is a good hard-boiled talk from some friend that'll tell him where he gets off an' let him know he ain't the whole furniture store because he's a swell dresser. He's got it comin' to him an' he'll get it good an' hard, too, one of these days, you mark me. Well, I should say!

"You know, las' night Mr. Wilkinson says to me, 'Can you stay late to-night an' help on the stock?' an' I says, 'Sure if there's anything in it,' an' he says, 'You know what's in it—supper money,' an' I laughed an' says, 'Sure I do, I ought to—I done it often enough.' Oh, he's awful nice when you get to know him. Lots of the girls always knockin' him, but they don't know him. That's all there is to it, they don't know him. He's perfectly elegant. Well, three of us stayed to fix stock—me an' Grace an' Helen an' Mr. Wilkinson—an when we got through about ha'-past nine he says, 'Where do you girls want to go to feed your faces?' Oh, he's perfectly comical sometimes, when you get to know him, honest!

"Well, we didn't know what to say, you know, so I says, 'Any place that's agreeable to you will be satisfactory,' just like that. He kind o' looked at me an' he says, 'Well, you're pretty wise at that, Little Bright Eyes. You know I ain't going up against no lunch counter, don't you?' What do you think of that? Honest, they all laughed—I thought they'd die! Well, he took us over to a swell place an' told us to order anything we wanted on the bill. Oh, it was perfectly elegant—chicken salad an' everything! Honest, I was ashamed of myself the way I et. An' then Mr. Wilkinson says: 'I suppose you girls are all there with the car-fare to go home?' What do you think of that? Oh, he just thinks of everything. He's perfectly elegant when you know him outside the store. So we all went home, an' I guess he had a date at some swell club or something, because he told us good-night and walked over toward Michigan. An' the nerve of Mr. Rubber-neck tryin' to call me down because I rung up five minutes late this mornin'! I just says, 'Mr. Wilkinson will tell you that I was down here pretty near all night, fixin' stock, an' I guess I'm entitled to some credit for that,' an' I passed him up. I can see him layin' quiet now, since he knows that Mr. Wilkinson knows me. Well, I should say!"—Chicago "Daily News."



Provost Street-Macklem (at the throttle)—This bull's courage is magnificent, but I can't say I admire his judgment.

"No Tramps in Ontario."

NO "Foxy Quiller" of the stage could succeed in being more preposterous than real detectives sometimes appear.

When the up-to-date detective of crime is conscious of egregious failure in the solution of some gory mystery on which public interest and expectancy have centered, his pose is almost invariably that of a man who is infinitely wiser than he looks. He moves about with an air of mystery and lets oracular expressions fall from his lips, and occasionally leak into the newspaper offices. He conveys with subtlety the notion that he is not baffled, but only thinking hard—that, in fact, he has clues to burn and will spring a sensational arrest on a startled but thankful community when the precise instant for favorable action arrives.

This assumption by certain detectives of superhuman wisdom and penetration is a pose that is getting played out, however. The people are commencing to see through the game, because, more frequently than not, the crime that begins in mystery ends in mystery just as deep, and the record of unpunished murders and outrages in nearly every country is appalling when one examines it.

Another and more clever play of the baffled detective is to try to divert public attention to some new sensation, when a particular mystery has refused to be solved. No detective will ever admit himself beaten or at loss for a clue. When people are apt to form their own conclusions in that direction, it is not a difficult matter to shift the course of discussion into a new channel if the detective is up to his business. A newspaper interview in which emphasis is laid on some striking phase of criminal experience often suffices.

One of our Ontario detectives has risen up from his place this week to announce how successful the campaign of the last four years against tramps has been in this province. "The fight has been a hard one, but by dint of perseverance and hard work," declares this sleuth of the law, "the country has at length been freed altogether, not only from idle vagabonds, but from the most dangerous class of criminals."

Really, this is welcome information! Yet it seems odd that during the present summer several of the most atrocious crimes on record in Ontario have been committed by these very tramps, who have been driven, according to the detective, from the confines of the province, and have betaken themselves to more hospitable scenes.

This detective says he has traveled with four men over two thousand miles on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways this year, and "not a tramp was to be found." But it is only a week since a G.T.R. engineer stopped his train in order to rescue a young woman from the hands of a couple of frowsy hobos who were attempting an outrage. And a day or two later a train in Northern Ontario was held up by tramps and the train crew had to fight to regain possession of the engine.

It is nonsensical for anyone to assert that Ontario is free from tramps; such a statement can only be valued as a "bluff." There may be fewer tramps in Ontario than formerly, because there are better times, and only the genuine "hobo" (a combination of criminal and soldier of fortune) is now on the road. The best proof that there are lots of tramps in Ontario, even if they are not to be found on the railway tracks, is the number of crimes committed by them and the fact that the county jails every winter would be practically without inmates (as they are in the summer) were it not for the vagrant class.

The right way to deal with the tramp nuisance is not to send out detectives along the railways, nor to shoot hobos on sight, as Colonel Sam Hughes proposes, but to change the law so that local magistrates will not be able to comply with the requests of these gentry for short terms in jail in the winter months, thus affording them shelter and food at the public expense during the only portion of the year when they would perish on the roads. The vagrancy law as it stands is an encouragement to tramps. The rural jail, where they cannot be usefully employed, is no place for them. All tramps arrested, whether in winter or summer, should be sentenced for long terms and set at the hardest kind of employment on some useful public work.

The Ivy's Strength.

THE crumpling walls and broken foundations of the grim old castle were mantled by the dark, glossy leaves of the ivy, which had clung round it faithfully through weather fair and foul, unswerving in its allegiance to the fine and romantic ruin, that had in centuries gone by held mirth and revelry, and love and war, ay, intricate oftentimes also, within its massive walls. Now, all the actors in those plays of old had vanished but the ivy, in rich abundance, grew more beautiful and vigorous as the years slipped away, throwing its tendrils lovingly here, there, and everywhere, and framing the gaping windows with a beauty beyond the scope of art.

The pretty little Daisy, with its pink-tipped petals, had made its appearance quite suddenly one fine summer morning at the foot of a mighty elm. It lifted up its bright face to the sun, looking about with a self-satisfied air, and holding itself very erect, for it seemed quite confident of its attractions. The wind was softly rustling the leaves on the ruined castle walls, so that they kept bowing and bobbing their heads to the little flower below them, near by.

"Good morning," she cried. "I am a new neighbor of yours. This world seems quite nice. I hope I shall be amused and happy in it."

"Indeed it is a beautiful world," assented the Ivy. "As to being amused—well, I am always so busy climbing upwards, so engrossed in guarding this ruin, that I care not for amusement. You see, these walls are weak and feeble from old age. It gives me pleasure to shield and guard them from the buffettings of winter's storms. I am hardy—it is the duty of the strong to protect and cherish the frail."

The Daisy laughed lightly. "Oh," said she. "I'd rather look pretty and enjoy myself than bother about duty. One I grew up so quickly—almost in a night. How long have you lived?"

"Longer, almost, than I can remember," answered the Ivy.

"Good gracious! And yet you are not to be compared to me in personal appearance," lisped the little stranger, looking pertly up into the dark, glossy leaves above her, who softly replied.

"Indeed you are most dainty—you have such lovely coloring! These attractions catch the eye, but many people esteem me very highly, old and staid as I am; I think I appeal to the heart, for I must recall memories both gay and sad. I've seen many noble families die out, and still I live and flourish and remember."

And yet again the Daisy made reply impatiently: "Dear me! What does all that sentimental rubbish matter—about duty and protecting the weak, and throwing out fresh roots to embellish old walls—and—ancient lineage that you seem so proud of! It doesn't interest me! I'll have my day, and enjoy myself, without bothering about others."

But in the night time, a cold, unseasonable wind sprang up and the morning was bleak and sunless. The little pink-petaled Daisy's head was drooping dejectedly. She looked crushed—her beauty faded—and laborer passing by placed his foot on her and then went on his way, not knowing even that he had bruised the life out of the poor little plant, whose voice was heard no more.

But the Ivy, who was not vain, and had kind thoughts for those around, only looked all the sturdier and fresher—ay, more beautiful and enduring—when the storm had passed.

JETNA.

Wasted Economy.

A MAN was stranded in Norway with only enough money in his pocket to pay his passage back to England. He thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that he would buy the ticket, and as the sea trip only lasted a couple of days he would go without food that length of time. He realized that if he remained in Norway and spent his money he would never be able to get back home. So he went on board the steamer and bought his ticket. He closed his ears to the sound of the lunch bell, and when dinner time came and a fellow passenger asked him to accompany him to the dining-room he politely declined on the ground that he never ate at sea. The next morning he skipped breakfast by sleeping late, and at lunch time he kept to his room. By dinner time at night, however, he was so hungry that he could have eaten a pair of shoes. "I am going to eat," he said, "even if I am thrown overboard afterwards. I might as well be drowned as starved to death." At the dinner-table he ate everything in sight. Then he braced himself for the explosion. "Bring me the bill," he said to the steward. "The bill?" queried the steward. "Yes," said the man. "There isn't any bill," was the reply. "On this ship meals go with the passage ticket."



LOUNGING on the deck of an incoming steamer one day last October, I saw a pretty little picture rising from the sea. A grey rock, a touch of verdure patching it with green; a snowy little huddle of buildings white as milk; a froth of foam at the foot of the rock, and all very bright and distinct in a fair autumn sunlight. Then said I, as the fog closed in about the picture, "That's not all I want to see of Newfoundland. Next summer I'll see more." So one melting day some weeks ago the trunk and I set out on our way to a new land, jeeringly sped on the journey by a wish that we might speedily repeat, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in fog and codfish. I mention the trunk first, because it's an unusual sort of trunk, one of its idiosyncrasies being a tendency to get off the train at unseemly hours and places, as if it had special "lie-over" privileges, and then continue the journey at its leisure, following me persistently, but rarely catching up. I say it gets off the train itself, because I have the earnest assurances of a truthful galaxy of baggage-men that they didn't put it off regardless of checks and directions; in fact, they are apt to cast aspersions on my veracity until I show them my duplicate check, when they simply shake and sometimes scratch their heads and are dumb. So, having started along with the trunk, en route for Newfoundland, I was not surprised, at the very first junction, upon glancing over the baggage, to discover that the trunk was "non est." A remark to that effect to the baggage-master made him reply indifferently, "Oh, it will be along later," as if he either was in the confidence of the trunk (as deep as experience had landed me) or simply did not realize what "later" might mean at 6 p.m. with no train arriving before next morning. Of course to-morrow and two "chasers" sent out along the line discovered the trunk at some intermediate station, where it had doubtless alighted to view the country or finish a chat with some handbag or telescope, and been "left." At half-past ten next day it turned up at my door as bold as brass and with a scar behind which it exhibited in a sort of righteous wrath against my want of supervision. I am hoping it fell off the train, anyway! There was a ball, to which, had I trusted in my trunk, I should not have been able to go, but happily my ball bags were otherwise forwarded, and I was immensely crowding over my foresight until on returning to the hotel at two o'clock in the morning I realized that a traveling costume or a lace ball dress was not the proper garb for repose.

One cannot really "globe-trot" if one goes to Newfoundland. It is a dignified land, and hustle disturbeth it not.



Witchery of Wood and Water.

Once a day the train crosses the island and unfolds the panorama of its charms. Frankly, I may as well say at the beginning that I am a bit "dotty" over it. It has for me an attraction that neither cod nor fog can weaken—no, nor whales, nor hard climbs, nor the inevitable insularity of its inhabitants. I have found a land which I respect and admire and which fills me with interest. One does not realize that it is foreign to Canada, even though one knows the fact, until, on emerging from the dapper and graceful "Bruce" which bears one across the six hours' sail from Cape Breton to Newfoundland, one is confronted by "Customs," and has one's trunk opened and very daintily overhauled. You may be sure the trunk was on hand promptly this time, having taken a notion, indeed, to precede me to Cape Breton as a set-off to loitering in Ontario. I saw one seizure, a small flask of brandy carried by a United States "trust" magnate, on which he paid duty in a sort of amazement, and talked about it all day long afterwards. The trans-insular railroad is a narrow-gauge one, with a very comfortable Pullman and a porter who should be decorated with some sort of order of the Blessed. I've never met a more pleasant, obliging and thoughtful specimen "night of the road." I may, however, mention that the catering and serving were not up to much, because I know that ere this a pretty and dainty dining-car which is the first car entirely built in Newfoundland from trucks to trimmings is in service. I saw it just being finished a week later, at Whitbourne Junction, where the car shops now are, and found a Toronto master-carpenter over the staff of busy workmen. I was impelled to look the car over, because I made a row over the poor buffet service, and wanted to be quite sure it would be better immediately. If you make a row in Newfoundland you are taken seriously, and the wrong is righted as soon as may be. Toronto may sit at the feet of St. John's in this particular, though I heard a faint rumbling the other day about a bridge over the tracks at Yonge street being actually a possibility.

How shall I begin to tell you of that trip across the island, where every kind of scenery is spread before you but the flat and unimpressive? With the porter's step for a seat and the back platform of the Pullman for a dais, I spent the sweet long day gazing, chatting, dreaming, letting the strength and the glory of the land fill my soul. I shall not bore you with the metes and bounds of our trip, as we swept past the lakes, the evergreen forests, halting now and then for a stray passenger, for water, to let off a party loaded with fishing tackle and anticipations. Men in sporty clothes, women in knowing garments. I can see yet the graceful young Southerner in her tanned, soft coat of deerskin with its cute little pockets and mysterious places for "flies," and her winsome laugh as she tripped down the road after her men-folk, followed by "good luck and a twenty pounder" from us all. She caught a big fish, too, as I heard later on, and landed it with wild gurgles of excitement. Little River, very near our start from Port-aux-Basques, coaxed one of our party away and Great Codroy, over which we whirled all too swiftly, gave us a jolly substitute. There was a party bound for Robinson's, who went there in spite of warnings that the water in the streams was unusually low and that they had better go on. They looked like obstinate folk who would return crossly to the place whence they came and say Newfoundland is over-rated if they didn't catch twenty-pound salmon in half dried up streams. Two fascinating inns are in the west country, and are called the "log cabins," being built in log cabin style, but run at town prices and with every comfort and excellent table. I met a jolly party of six who had been at "Log Cabin" for six weeks and were very loth to leave for home. A couple of ladies were of this group. They were ardent fishers and looked the very picture of health. Bay St. George butts into the island on the west coast, and the railway skirts it up to Stephenville, but one of the charms of

this trip is that one is continually coming on stretches, scraps, threads and torrents of water, each beautiful in its own way and no two alike. Bay of Islands is a favorite place, but give me the Humber, of all the good places I saw! The photographers have evidently agreed with me, for I notice there are three pictures of this magnificent stream to one of other rivers and lakes. We had a coincident experience at one point of this stream which converted many a doubtful fisherman. A purchaser of fish from the United States was telling us how he had caught a big fish at a certain point a fortnight before, which he had left to be dried and smoked and handed in on this trip. "I caught it just where that man is fishing."



A Glimpse of Beauty.

said, as we passed a promising pool, and the click of half a dozen cameras punctuated his remark, though doubtful smiles were also plentiful. When we slowed up at the station a boy came peering in with a queer flat birch-bark parcel. "The fish," cried all the group, and so it was, sewn up in a toga of birch-bark, with the big tail poking out at one end. Whereupon the fish buyer took upon himself a value considerable and the old fishers and young fry clustered round to hear his words of wisdom, and snap the fish in the birch-bark with their ubiquitous cameras. When the shadows grew longer, and the sun went to bed, we entered the burned forests, where tall, ghostly, grey trees, burned some years back and bleached and bare with their skeleton trunks set deep in a rich new undergrowth, stood mournfully in thousands holding gaunt, grey arms up to the skies, solemn, touching unreal looking, as the great full moon rose and flooded the desolate scene, and I fell asleep under the saddening spell of those dead trees. Just before I rose to seek my berth, cramped and happy, and guarding my "step" for to-morrow's use, a son of the soil pointed across the bare forest and said, "See those caribou?" And there, stealing away, grey and ghostly, amid the spectral trunks, were shapes that faded into the night. We whirled past a round, still, baby lake. "That is a place the deer like," remarked the son of the soil. "They are most of them gone north to the peninsula, but you see some here always." And that night in my dreams I saw them, always the grey shapes stealing away into the dusk, the caribou of Newfoundland!

The scenery of the caribou country is not the prettiest

nor the most tempting in nature, but there are worse looking places in Newfoundland, to wit, the newly calcined forests through which we journeyed in the pitiless glare of a July sunshine. How tragic, how Dante-esque are they! The big trees, gripped with a supreme agony, are contorted in desperate, writhing forms. Their limbs knotted and entwined, every curve with its suggestion of pain and protest, they bear one's eyes with their suffering as the yellow sunshine shows them up black and lifeless along the route. And the little saplings, the tender tree children, huddling together in their pitiful fate, all their little branches burned away and only the small, helpless trunks leaning together in misery. Not soon shall one who loves "the green things growing" forget the sight of a newly destroyed forest in Newfoundland. It haunted me like those terrible pictures of the Indian famine sufferers, and I vow it hurt me as much. The hopeful fresh undergrowth which lovingly embraces the pale grey feet of the victims of fires of several years ago is here lacking. The very breast of mother earth is scorched and black, with here and there a drift of brass-colored debris where the spruce and fir foliage is drifted in a sort of death struggle. And we saw, that nothing might be lacking to the picture, a fire in its first outburst of fury, when hungry tongues of flame ran along the ground, leaped like wolves on the resinous trees, and with insatiable greed devoured their beauty.

In this wonderfully diverse country there are huge peat bogs, which remind one that there's nothing but a strip of sea, a trifle of the salt water and a few icebergs between it and Ireland. The train meanders past the peat bogs, the lakes loved by the caribou, and the tiny and larger fishing streams, and halts at a small settlement. High on a rock stands a little board shanty across the front of which is nailed a grand black and gold signboard with very new large letters, "The Bank of Montreal." It struck our funny side, that sign-board did, and we roared with laughter at it. But it's a sign of several things which are good for the Newfoundlanders, and comical as it looks, it has, I am assured, attracted lots of business.

It will be quite a pity when the smart new bank they are building takes the shine out of this funny little shack. Some of the names of the Newfoundland Railway stopping places are very quaint. What do you think of Kitty's Brook and Gaff Topsail, Rushy Pond, Stickle Harbor, and Gambo? Gaff Topsail, Foretopsail, Maintopsail, and Mizzentopsail are far inland on the railway, but the tongue of the sea has been the godfather of the four inland peaks, and they share the general quaintness of nomenclature of the island, which has had godfathers of so many nationalities that I have found it a regular patchwork of tongues. The Spaniards gave Spaniard's Bay and Port-aux-Basques; the Frenchmen Ville Marie, and all the saints in the calendar; the Scotchmen Holyrood, and the Englishmen Avondale, while the Irish—but I beg pardon, there are no Irish in Newfoundland. One would think with Denis Dooley it might be safe to risk a nationality, but Denis will not own up. He is a Newfoundlander first and last, and so is the policeman with a brougha you might hang your hat on, and the cabman with a profile out of Zim's best effort in "Judge." I tried them one and all and found the current switched off. You may press the button, but no responsive ring rewards you. There are no Irish in Newfoundland. God bless the country that has been strong enough to cement these receding hearts with her rocky witcheries! But I have left the railway before my time, and wherever you are in Newfoundland, as regards time, you are never ahead, so let us be back again, two hours late and coming along discreetly nevertheless, for with a narrow-gauge road and many curves it doesn't pay to speed. The other night the engineer unwar-

skirting of the Bay of Islands and a bit near St. John's which are too beautiful for words, just those glimpses of the witchery of wood and water, cascade and rock, which charm the observant tourist. The route of the railroad is a huge semi-circle through the land north from Port-aux-Basques on the west, and curving southward to St. John's on the east. All along its course we found wild flowers innumerable, the dainty, fluffy swamp-cotton with slim stem and woolly ball a-top; the buttercup and the deep pink rhododendron, a sort of wild rhododendron; the glossy leaved "Labrador tea," with its cluster of tiny, waxy flowers and the star-like white bunchberry sitting close to the ground with its single blossom; beside all manner of tiny pale-tinted things too small to identify as the train whirls by. Once as we slowed up for water I saw a flash of vivid purple and cried out "Violets!" whereat my chums jeered. But the "ever-blessed" climbed down and ran back and grubbed in the ditch and came again, bearing proudly a glossy leaved plant of English violets, with the deep color of their blooms making a new tint among the spoils I had already gathered. And we disputed and wondered about how that one plant of English violets got over to Newfoundland!

Near by St. John's, at half-past two, we came upon Waterford River and its pretty little rapids, and soon pulled up at



Waterford River.

the new station, opened last January, a very solid and compact building of grey stone, the last good thing up to date which has followed upon the completion of the railway in 1897. By the way, one may travel in and around Newfoundland for 3,357 miles by rail and steamer under the control of the Reid Newfoundland Company, and may spend a month in so doing with joy and satisfaction if one be imbued with the real love of such a holiday. I mention this, because so many persons have imbibed the notion that unless one be a fisherman or a hunter there is not much to occupy a holiday in the island. I don't shoot nor fish, but I am going to Newfoundland again.

I found that I had mislaid a small parcel when I landed at St. John's. "They an't think what you did wid it," remarked the cabman, who was linguistically Irish at both ends and French in the middle. "I tink she'll be tick of the coast, may be," said another Newfoundland-French-Irishman who wanted to prepare me for a fog. The "h" is dropped and picked up again in this curious insular pronunciation exactly in this fashion all along the south coast. Ah, the south coast! But I must tell you about St. John's and its environs, and the grand south coast and its surprises in weeks to come. So change your watch to Eastern time and look pleasant.

LADY GAY.

Pass the Pipe.

Tis said Sir Walter Raleigh bore the Idol 'Bacca home; Then Walt deserved the throne of Bess, or else the chair of Rome;

His name should head the list of saints for introducing us To such a whiff of Paradise, when James was King—the cuss.

I'd like to smite those Horners who our dear tobacco tax, I wish Sir Walter's fragrant ghost would whack them with his axe;

I hope since Jimmy Stewart's death that axe has locked his jaw,

And that his Brimstone Spa has cured his chronic serofula.

It makes one's gall get bilious and the spleen feels quite morose,

To know that anti-smokers let us pipers pay their dose;

But, brethren, don't get jaundiced yet, they know not what they miss;

We bear a double burden, but we've got a lien on bliss.

A chap can do without his girl, his bread and beef, or beer,

(For quite a while), if he has got Saint Nicotine's own cheer;

But I will borrow, beg, or steal, and pledge his shirt or head.

If he is short on plug or shag—it's meat and drink and bed.

The moerschaum, or the briar pipe, the corncock, or the clay,

Contain a wizard's magic spell, to waft our cares away;

I never liked those fellows much who have no little sins,

Don't bait such catfish with your hearts—and get their horns and fins.

I wonder when in Eden's groves, with cherubim they roam,

Old Boys may smoke the calumet, to make them feel at home?

Or if, when Peter searches through our sinful clothes to swipe

The cards and pocket pistols—will he pass a fellow's pipe?

Port Perry, Ont.

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.

Not Complimentary to Boys.

"I WOULD rather be left alone and unprotected in a room full of black beetles than spend half an hour in the society of the average schoolboy of fifteen," writes a well-known woman contributor to a London periodical. "I am, I may say without undue conceit, most popular among my many cousins and my friends' boys. I attribute this entirely to the fact that whenever I see a possibility of being left in their society for a period exceeding ten minutes I distribute half-crowns with lavish generosity on the understanding that they immediately go out and spend them. But boys of fifteen, like butlers, cannot be caressed with anything less than gold, and it takes almost a superhuman effort to make them realize that they are ever de trop. The schoolboy is eminently gregarious and fond of small jokes only understood by his comrades. To upset his dignity is not easy; when you do, you find he is quite human. There is nothing he likes better than to have a mother who thoroughly understands the art of packing a hamper, and nothing he dislikes more than the attempt of any female relation to kiss him. The day apparently is past when it was considered muish to talk of your sisters. The modern schoolboy is very much interested in other people's sisters, though he has no great opinion of his own. In truth, however, there is nothing so difficult to get at as a boy's mind. The proof of that fact is the absolute failure of all books written about boys. A boy will always answer you according to what he judges your views and comprehension to be, and it is almost impossible to discover his own. Certain secondhand opinions he will air glibly, and he has a nice little slang vocabulary in which the same word often has two or three different meanings. But on the shallow depths of his mind many different impressions quickly chase each other, and no generation apparently understands another."

A Case for Christian Science.

Town Topics.

Miss Helen Keller, born blind, deaf and dumb, but a beautiful, healthful woman, thoroughly educated, seems to have been created expressly for the Christian Scientists, who have just paid their annual adoration to Mother Eddy and boasted of cures more miraculous than the miracles. Let them concentrate their "absent treatment" upon Miss Keller for a week and restore her to speech, sight and hearing, and all the world will acknowledge the Christian religion, and, instead of only 27,000 worshippers, Mother Eddy will win as many millions. This is a plain, practical test; but will the Scientists accept it? Not while the English language can be twisted into excuses and equivocations.

In the Crowd.

THE attitude of the English masses to the monarchy is admirably conveyed in the following street conversation, reported in the "Outlook" (London):

Who's he with the ribbon round 'im?

Why, 'im you come to see, of course.

He d'y mean?

President Loubit.

Oh, decent sort o' chap. Looks like a Good Templar wi'

that there sash.

So he is.

Go on! Why, they ain't got nothing to drink in France

but wine.

Well, leastways he's one o' them careful chaps as climbs up natural. Can't help it; made honest and careful.

Born on a farm, wasn't he?

Yes. Used to collect the eggs every mornin' and count 'em strict.

Don't look a bit like a king, does he?

King? Why, they wouldn't 'ave 'im if he did, not in a republic.

Well, he's all right for a republic, I dessay; but gi' me the King. Now, he do look a king.

He ain't as 'aughty as some. Real friendly sort o' chap is King Edward. Catches 'old of your 'and and says, "Ow d'y do?" just as if he knew you.

Well, ain't that the sort we want?

'Course it is. But he's a king all the same, mind you. You don't feel like squeezin' his 'and back; no fear.

He wouldn't mind if you did.

P'raps not, but you can't. Why, there's 'Arry Evans, 'im

as come home from Africar, and 'ad his medal pinned on at Buckingham Palace; he'll jaw for as long as you'll stick it, tellin' you all about it.

And why not?

There ain't no reason, 'eeped he was a bloomin' Socialist when he went to the war, and he says he is now. But you just hear him tell how "His Majesty says to me, says he, 'Arry Evans, you're a brave man,' says he. And he takes in a tuck o' my tunic and slips in the pin o' the medal, so near as I could. His Majesty's breath," an' he'll go on like that, world without end, gettin' in "His Majesty" every time he takes a gasp. Why, it's disgustin'—simply

Anecdotal.

A secretary of a fire insurance company tells of an old woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained; "we hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, that it's terrible risky, I says."

Anne, a Southern beauty of four years, had a decided aversion to her morning bath. One evening her nurse was telling her of God's goodness and His willingness to wash away her sins, when she suddenly set up a lusty howl, exclaiming: "Oh, don't let Him wash them! Tell Him to pick them off!"

When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust," he experienced much difficulty in restraining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted, even in Hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered: "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picnicking at Humpstead heath."

Senators Blackburn and Lindsay of Kentucky were once traveling together through the Allegheny Mountains. Blackburn went into the smoking-room and returned in a few minutes looking so much depressed that Lindsay asked: "What's the matter, Joe?" "Why, I've said Blackburn, in heartbroken tones, lost the better part of my piggye," "Was it stolen or did you leave it behind?" "Worse than either—the cork came out."

Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford "Press" in the sixties, was one day confronted by a compositor, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." The editor was pleased, and replied that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and was hastening to serve his country in its troubous time. "Oh, it ain't that," remarked the printer, "But I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your d—d copy."

A North Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead, and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street, and told him about the note. "I wrote that note myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop yer paper," said the subscriber, candidly, "an' knowin' how bad you need the money I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes' wrote the note about bein' dead."

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning. "An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk. "Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair discourse. Will'm, a fair discourse; but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking sae fresh and wide awake. I mistrust 'twasn't sae long nor sae sound as it should have been."

Count Guardabassi, the baritone, who earlier in life achieved no little reputation as a portrait painter, once painted a portrait of Leo XIII. His Holiness scrutinized it carefully. "The lips and cheeks are too bloodless," he said. "You must put a little more color into them." After his Holiness had departed, Count Guardabassi touched the lips and cheeks with rouge. The next day the picture was again inspected by the Pope, who, expressing himself as highly pleased with it, gave the young artist his approbation in writing. After the portrait had been removed from the Vatican the artist carefully wiped off the rouge.

A Canadian university man was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (for he is an amateur geologist), and, strolling out upon the hills, he began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native happened along as the man was thus engaged. The native looked on with a frown for a moment. Then he said: "Sir, do ye ken yer breakin' more than stone there?" "Breakin'?" "Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. The Scot frowned. "It's noo' the day," he said, severely, "to be spirin' sic things."

"Mother." "Dear Gertrude—I am glad you are visiting in New York. Everyone should go to New York occasionally to acquire the proper nervous pitch. But I want you to remember that just because you are moving around in good society you mustn't drift too much with the current. You've got to work for a living just the same as all the rest, and it's going to depend altogether on yourself whether you get the right one to work or not. If I hadn't known that your father, when I first met him in Pittsburg, was the right man to work for a living, I might have been a cloak model to-day. So keep your eyes open and learn all you can. I want you to draw a prize in the marriage lottery, but to do that you must sit up nights. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I've just been reading what you have written about late suppers and a midnight tête-à-tête, and this is only a word of warning: Go slow! Remember that health and beauty are the same in all languages, and you can't make your husband walk a chalk-mark with a ruined digestion. By all means have a flirtation if you can, but have it in business hours. Don't be afraid to wreck any young man's life. If he's poor, it may be the means of making him a future; and if he's rich, it doesn't matter anyway. Your affectionate

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"Dear Gertrude—The announcement of your engagement was telegraphed on the papers here, and I read it this morning before your letter came. It's all right as long as you don't marry him. But remember that one engagement does not make a winter in town. Do not let him monopolize you too much, however. You must fit yourself for married life as early as possible, and early habits count. I enclose a check for a thousand. Buy a brooch with it. Your affectionate

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"Dear Gertrude—Have you found out how much he is really worth—not what the papers say? This is important. When I married your father he didn't have a cent. But I had faith in him. Nowadays, however, it is not faith, but cash, that counts. You will find it a difficult matter to guess accurately, but here are a few rules: If he talks big and spends little, look out. If he spends big and talks little, beware. He's unbalanced. If he lets you do all the ordering, don't trust him. He's not good business. If he spends one day and doesn't the next, break off the engagement at once. He's a gambler. But if he spends

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fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling!"

Ballads of Bad Babies.

I.
Little Izzy Izzenheimer
Thought he'd be a steeple climber.
Climbed way up St. Peter's steeple,
Then fell off and killed some people.
Broke the e-r off his name;
Papa got there just in time.
To pick up Izzy Izzenheimer.

K.
Little Katie Katzenjammer
Saved an axe and said a hammer;
Saw her Auntie Anne sitting under a shady tree upon a little hummock;
When she saw her in the stummock;
She licked Katie Katzenjammer.

M.
Little Mandy Mennypenny
Saw her angel brother Benny
Eating up a lot of candy.
Went and got a hatchet handy,
Cut square off the head of Benny,
Little Benny Mennypenny.
Don't you wish that you were Mandy
And could have all Benny's candy?

J.
Howard Arthur Spitzemiller
Tried to be a lady killer;
Saved his life in a house;
Took up still as any mouse;
Took a gun and shot her dead.
"That will do for one," he said.
Wasn't Howard Spitzemiller
Just the swiftest lady killer?

T.
Uncle Thomas Townsend Tyler
Built a great big engine biler.
Nephew Tommy used to play
In his uncle's shop all day;
Once he went and broke water;
Put it where he hadn't oughter;
Got up steam and bust the biler.
That's the last of Tommy Tyler.
—Harry P. Taber.

It Reads Like a Miracle

Only Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing Similar Things Daily.

Reuben Draper's Gravel was Cured Three Years Ago—It Has Never Come Back.

Bristol P.O., Quebec, July 27.—(Special)—Reuben Draper, well known here, tells a story of his cure of a bad case of gravel that would be considered miraculous if similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills were not being reported almost daily.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Draper, "I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I was suffering great pain, and the doctor I sent for gave me but little relief. Another doctor I tried failed to cure me, and I was getting weaker all the time."

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, as they had cured his mother, and I did so. In just one week after I started using them, I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley. That is two years ago, and I have not had any trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all ailments of the bladder and urinary organs.

Letters.

From a Self-Made Mother to a Home-Made Daughter.

DEAR GERTRUDE—Now that you are out of finishing school, I shall expect great things from you. Don't think of getting married yet. At present do not bother about how much money a man has. What you are after is experience, and oftentimes you can get it better from the poor than from the rich. Later you can discriminate. When any money is spent on you, however, never fail to be appreciative. It's a fatal mistake to allow a man with money to know how much of a fool he is making of himself. Above all things, say your prayers every night. It's a good sedative, and you need sleep at your age. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I am glad you are visiting in New York. Everyone should go to New York occasionally to acquire the proper nervous pitch. But I want you to remember that just because you are moving around in good society you mustn't drift too much with the current. You've got to work for a living just the same as all the rest, and it's going to depend altogether on yourself whether you get the right one to work or not. If I hadn't known that your father, when I first met him in Pittsburg, was the right man to work for a living, I might have been a cloak model to-day. So keep your eyes open and learn all you can. I want you to draw a prize in the marriage lottery, but to do that you must sit up nights. Your affectionate

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"The Book Shop."**Reading for Recreation &**

This is the season for summer outing and recreation. Suitable books will do much to make your outing both

Pleasant and Profitable.

We have all the newest and best books, many of them bound in paper. Our prices are always in your interest.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
8 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

steadily, silently, unconsciously all the time and pays taxes on at least two million dollars (see papers) he's all right. Your affectionate Mother." —Tom Masson in "Life."

A Good Thing Gone Wrong.

Once upon a time a man who lived in the city by choice all the year around sent his family away for the entire summer. And as he came home in the cool of the evening and sat down in a comfortable armchair, while the soft wind blew the draperies around, and he put on his pajamas and lighted a fragrant cigar and ordered his evening meal sent up, he said joyfully to himself:

"Life with me from this time on is indeed one long, sweet cinch. I can smoke all over the house, eat every hour, live without curtains and have things my own way. All I want is the companionship of a few congenial spirits."

The next day he went around and told everybody what a grand spot he had, with a bursting sideboard full of real old stuff, and he urged the boys, with tears in his eyes, to make it their home and drop in every evening and feel that they were always welcome.

And all the city boys he knew took him at his word, and night after night they made merry at his expense. Not only this, but they took his money away from him, told him stories that he had heard many times before, and made his life so miserable that in four weeks' time he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Come at once. Bring all the dogs and children." Moral—Home is all right, when you don't abuse it.

Fisherman's Luck.**Too Much Success.**

The way of the philanthropist, of whom the author of "A Third Pot-Pourri" tells, seems unduly hard. The philanthropist, who was a gentle old lady of Exeter, Eng., got hold of a maimed sailor, who moved her to great pity. To help him along she purchased a tray on which he was to expose gingerbread for sale.

She gave him a start in gingerbread, also the privilege of standing before her most respectable residence to cry his wares. In addition, she composed and taught him the following words to repeat at intervals:

"Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spicy gingerbread of a poor, afflicted old man?"

The first morning the sailor sold a shilling's worth of gingerbread in a short time, and his success went to his head. Pretty soon, from his station on the pavement in front of the gentle old lady's house, his voice floated in to her in this appeal:

"Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread of a fine, spicy old man?"

Despite this silly mixed cry, trade became very good—so good, indeed, that when the philanthropist again heard her words:

"Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread of a good, kind old man?"

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How a Pope is Elected

By Diomede Falcone,
Delegate Apostolic.

DURING the first day the quarters of the conclave are left open, and the cardinals receive the last visits from the ambassadors and other members of the diplomatic corps and from their personal friends. Distinguished members of the laity are also permitted ingress into the room of the conclave during the first day.

At its close every avenue leading into the conclave, except one door, is bricked up by masons, under the direction of a prelate and a layman known as the architect of the conclave.

One door is left without masonry in order that a late-coming cardinal may enter, or should one of the participants in the ceremony become dangerously ill, he may be permitted to leave the hall.

The door of the conclave is then locked on the outside by the prince marshal of the Holy See, and on the inside by the Cardinal Camerlengo, both of whom retain the key of their own side. The keys of this lock are so combined that it requires both to open the door. In addition to this precaution a trusty guard is placed on the outer side to prevent any communication with the outer world.

These are solemnly charged to examine closely even such necessary articles of food as may be introduced, to prevent the delivery of any writing or information whatsoever from the outside world.

During the interval between the death of the Pope and the assembling of the conclave, architects have been at work within the quarters reserved for the conclave. Separate apartments have been boarded off for each cardinal. Three rooms are reserved for a cardinal bishop and two for a cardinal priest or deacon. In the larger room of these suites the cardinal lives, and the others are occupied by his personal attendants. Separate apartments are reserved for the physicians and servants necessary. The apartments are distributed by lot, in order that no coterie in favor of the election of a certain man may congregate. The conclave which elected Gregory XVI., predecessor of Pius IX., lasted sixty-four days.

Immediately after the conclave closed the cardinals elect three of their number, two to act as tellers and one to announce the result of the vote. Pius IX. was the crier of the conclave at which he was elected. The supervision of the conclave rests with the Camerlengo, who has three assistants, one cardinal from each grade—bishop, priest and deacon. The Camerlengo announces the final election from a little window overlooking the piazza of St. Peter's. Pope Leo was the Camerlengo of his own conclave, and this office devolved upon the vice-deacon.

Twice a day, immediately after mass and vespers, the cardinals meet in the chapel, and there, on tickets so arranged that the voter's name cannot be seen, they write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined by the tellers, and if the number of votes for anyone does not constitute two-thirds majority they are burned in such a manner that the smoke issuing through the chimney notifies Rome that there has been no election.

The populace know the hour when the ballots should be burned, and should there be the smallest delay, attention is riveted to hear the sound of pick and hammer breaking the masonry seals around the conclave.

A few minutes after the Camerlengo emerges on the small balcony and proclaims the name adopted by the new Pope. His words are: "I bring you tidings of great joy; we have elected as Pope the Most Eminent and Reverend —, who has assumed the name of —."

The consent of the person elected is absolutely necessary. Thirty-eight times in the history of the pontificate persons have refused the election to the papacy, and often the acquiescence of the one chosen is obtained with the greatest difficulty.

Immediately after the election and acceptance, the new Pope is dressed in the ordinary costume of the Supreme Pontiff. This consists of white stockings, cassock and sash with gold tassels, white collar and skull cap and red mozzetta, stole and mitre.

Three suits of this apparel of different sizes are prepared before the conclave and are kept in the dressing-room for the new Pontiff to make his choice. He then takes his seat on a throne erected within the conclave and receives the first homage.

The cardinals kneel before him, kiss the nubila, then his hand, and then arising receive from him the kiss of peace on the cheek.

When the Pope is fully dressed he receives on his finger the fisherman's ring. This he immediately removes and hands to the master of ceremonies to be engraved with the name he assumes as reigning Pontiff. Two other rings are given to the Pope. The first is a band of plain gold with an intaglio or cameo ornament called the papal ring. The second, or pontifical ring, is used only when the Pope officiates at grand ceremonies. It is exceedingly precious and is set with an immense oblong diamond.

While Italy is under the reign of the present dynasty, an election to the papacy may likely mean perpetual seclusion within the Vatican. Should he choose to follow the policy of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., the new Pope will not be seen outside of St. Peter's again.

On a day selected after his election in the conclave the Pontiff is borne in solemn procession, lifted aloft on the Sedia Gestatoria for his coronation at the high altar of St. Peter's. Perhaps no court on earth can present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle as the coronation of the Roman Pontiff.

In the center of the sublimest building will stand a circle of officers, nobles, princes, ambassadors, in their dazzling costumes, and with them the highest dignitaries of religion, cardinals, bishops and patriarchs of the Eastern and Western Church, with the long line of episcopal thrones attendants and house prelates in their gorgeous embroidered robes; all this makes a scene which claims reverence from every beholder.

The pageant moves in triumphant procession toward the baldachino over the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul and to the Pontifical throne erected beyond. Here the procession stops. A clerk of the papal chapel holds up before the Pontiff a reed surmounted by a handful

of flax. It is lighted. It flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its pale, thin ashes fall at the feet of the new Pope, while the chaplain chants aloud: "Pater Sancte sic transit gloria mundi." Thus, oh Holy Father, passes the glory of this world."

Three times is this impressive rite performed as though to counteract the earthly glory of the papacy.

The papal throne is erected opposite to the altar and forms the furthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is lofty and ample, reached by a long flight of steps around which are grouped the Pontiff's personal attendants. On the highest step the Pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, forms a pyramid rich and varied. The mass is celebrated by the Camerlengo.

The Pope receives the communion from the hands of the oldest cardinal deacon. As the host touches the lips of the Pontiff a clash of swords is heard and of scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the Swiss and Noble Guards fall on their knees. The papal crown is placed upon the new Pontiff's head by the Cardinal Camerlengo at the conclusion of the solemn mass. He is then borne to the loggia, or balcony, above the door of St. Peter, and thence he gives his first papal benediction to the multitude assembled below.

One of the grandest features of the occasion is the singing by the papal choir of the hymn "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," "Behold the High Priest," and the anthem "Corona Aurea Super Caput Ejus." "The Golden Crown Is on Thy Head." After the Pope blesses the multitude he makes a solemn and stately pilgrimage back through St. Peter's to the tomb of the apostles, where he kneels in deep meditation. After this he enters upon the discharge of his duties.

The New Proposal.

[The Thomas S. Clarkson School of Technology confers a degree of "bachelor of science in domestic engineering" upon young women who complete the course in household sciences.]

Priscilla, when I gaze upon
The azure of your eyes,
I see the glory of the dawn.
And peace of twilight skies.
Please note my blushing and my sigh.
And O Priscilla dear,
But say the word that you'll be my
Domestic Engineer.

What joy! Your knowledge so exact
Would ever charm my soul—
Yours now to show best to extract
Heat units from the coal.
No grim bacilli could get by
If you were watching near.
Priscilla, O, say you'll be my
Domestic Engineer.—Chicago "Tribune."

Eight Years of Misery.

What Maurice Best Might have Avoided if he had Started to Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Eight at the Start.

Maurice Best of Southern Harbor, Nfld., suffered torture for eight years simply because he would not believe that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets would cure him. That's what he says:

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Then it occurred to Mr. Best that it would not hurt him to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. He did so and this is what he says of the result:

"The first two boxes I used gave me new life. I kept on using them and was soon a new man. I can't say enough in their favor."

Why don't you try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?

A Dinner With King Alfonso.

By G. O.

Madrid, —, 1903.

MY DEAR,—Three nights ago, at ten o'clock, we received a "command," as they say at the English court, for a diplomatic dinner at the palace for to-night, the thirtieth, and we have just come home, not in the least tired, wherefore I start my letter to tell you about it.

The invitation reads: "By order of His Majesty the King, I have the honor to invite you to the dinner which will take place in this Royal Palace, the —, at eight o'clock." Dated: "The Palace, —, 1903," and signed, "The Major-domo of His Majesty, Duke of Sotomayor." At the foot of the page is the diplomatic title of my husband, and, magic word for me, "Señora." This invitation was enclosed in a letter from the First Introducer of Ambassadors, who "kisses our hands," as the Spanish custom is, and has the honor to send the enclosed invitation for the royal dinner at the Royal Palace." Then he begins all over again, this time in the first person, and addresses us by name, saying that he takes this opportunity to convey to us the expression of his sentiments of appreciation and respectful consideration.

Well, on the strength of all this, I got out my last gown to see that it was all fit for the royal dinner. We made our court bows and then fol-

right, for we never get more than three days' notice, and we have always to be prepared for the court.

Have you ever heard what Napoleon said to his brother Joseph whom he made King of Spain, and who was to live in the palace at Madrid? "Tu sera mieux logé que moi." Truly the palace is magnificent; far finer than Buckingham Palace, or Windsor, even. It is so huge that 2,000 people live in it. We drove into the great court, where we left our carriage and entered a porte cochère, from the right of which starts the grand staircase. At the foot of the stairs and on the landings stood halberdiers in their quaint costume of red and black and white leggings and tri-corner hats. They form the bodyguard of the King and salute by dropping their halberds with force on the stone floor. The first time I was saluted in this way I was nearly frightened out of my wits, for it makes a fearful noise, and I thought a bomb had gone off somewhere near me. On every other step and on both sides of the stairs stood a lackey in royal livery and with powdered hair. It seemed to me there were a thousand of them, but I suppose there were about 150. We might have gone up in the lift, which is a fine new one, all rosewood and cut glass and silk cushions (they say the Queen had it put in for Sagasta, to whom she was deeply attached, and who was much enfeebled by illness), but nothing would induce me to lose an opportunity of going up the great stairs, though the climb is equal to at least three ordinary flights. But the splendor and dignity in the design of these stairs, the groupings of the guard on the landings, with backgrounds of tall palms, the carpet which is about three inches thick and unusually fine, all combine to give me enjoyment. You can go up in lifts any day, but even at the palace there are times when the great staircase is not used. Wherefore did I profit by chance. At the top of the stairs a servant in black clothes with knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckles on his shoes showed us to a cloakroom where we met the Marques de Zareo, the First Introducer of Ambassadors, with whom we walked through the guard-room into the Empire Salon, where the diplomatic corps were waiting for the entrance of the royal family. This room is remarkable for the beauty of its blue silk walls, and for a clock with a life-size marble figure of Time carrying the earth, a globe which forms the clock; it is mounted in a wonderful gold case. In this room is also one of the famous rock-crystal chandeliers set in gilt filigree. It is so brilliant that it tires one's eyes. Here are hung two of Goya's best-known portraits, those of Charles IV. of Bourbon and Queen Mary Louise of Parma.

As chiefs of missions only were invited the ladies present were few, some ten or twelve. The English ambassador, Lady Duran, wore mauve satin with pincers embroidered on it in velvet. She is a charming woman and greatly liked by the English colony, and in fact, by everybody. Madame Sturbie, the wife of the Mexican minister, a tall and elegant woman with auburn hair, was wearing a white brocaded silk that bore the mark of a Parisian master hand, and the biggest diamond solitaire necklace I have ever seen, and a great big diamond and emerald crown. Over the shoulders of her dress trailed diamond knots and chains. She has famous jewels and entertains a great deal, and is very prominent in Madrid society, her husband's fortune being a vast one. The German ambassador wore gray satin, the Austrian ambassador gray also, with the most lovely old lace shawl round her shoulders. She is quite an old lady and feels the cold, and she is forever hastily thrusting aside this shawl, which it is not etiquette to wear before royalty. Mrs. Sickles, the wife of the United States chargé d'affaires, wore a gown of white embroidered in gold, with maiden-hair fern sprinkled with diamonds in her hair.

We hadn't long to wait before their Majesties were announced. The Queen, leaning on the arm of her son, wore gray satin elaborately trimmed with silver lace, with bunches of ostrich feathers on the train. On the front of her bodice hung a state jewel, a single ruby as big as a hen's egg, and she wore a deep lace of rubies and diamonds, and diamond stars with immense rubies as a tiara, and a great butterfly of the same jewels in the back of her hair. She has a pretty figure and beautiful hair, and while she is not a pretty woman, she has a charming manner. Following the King and Queen came the Princess of the Asturias in blue moire, with pearls and diamonds in her necklace and tiara; and her sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, in white silk with small vines embroidered up the seams, forget-me-nots on her bodice and in her hair, and pearls round her neck. After came the King's aunt, the Infanta Isabel—"La Chalata," as the people call her, by whom she is greatly beloved. She has snowy white hair and a very red face, and is fat and a bad figure, but she beams like a sun and has a cheery word for everybody. Her dress was white silk embroidered in silver and diamonds, and her jewelry was lovely. The front of her bodice was covered with a branch of fuchsias made of rubies and diamonds, her necklace, tiara and bracelets of the same stones and the same design. As each one passed through the room we made our court bows and then fol-

lowed the royal party into the dining-room without any formality whatever. After the diplomatic corps walked the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and the half dozen other people invited. The state dining-room is famous for the tapestries on the walls, the marvelous Sevres, the great Sevres vases that are about six feet high, and the gold and crystal chandeliers. The band of the Royal Halberdiers began playing as soon as the King entered, and gave a fairly good musical programme during dinner. The table, a long one, was quite eight feet wide, the King sitting in the middle on one side, his mother facing him. On either side of his Majesty were his sisters, the Queen having on her right her son-in-law the Prince of the Asturias, and on her left the papal legate, who is, by the way, a delightful man and the possessor of wonderful lace hats that fill my soul with envy. The Spanish court being Catholic, he is very much in evidence.

The floral decorations were mounds of red carnations interspersed with orchids and lilies of the valley, and with trailing ivy and yellow roses at each place. High silver candelabra stood in double rows down the table, and at each place were ten glasses and a small carafe of water, all bearing the King's monogram. The serving was French—that is, replacing the knife and fork with each course—and there were two servants for every four people, except for the royalties, who each had his or her own.

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The white and gold menu cards with the King's name on one side and the escutcheon of the Bourbons on the other were very pretty. The menu was:

Potage Dubarry.
Consonne Wilson.
Bressoles de Strasbourg frites.
Petits saumons à la Dieppoise.
Cotechettes d'agneau à la St. Hubert.
Jambon de Westphalie, sauce Cumber-

land.
Rouelle de veau, garnie princesse.
Chaufroid de volaille, en Bellevue.
Granit au champagne.
Asperges d'Aranguez, sauce mousseline.
Caneton de Nantes à la broche.
Salade Napolitaine.
Gateau Chateaubriand.
Bombe caprice.
Tartelettes au Chester.
Jerez, 1847.
Chateau d'Iquem.
Bourgogne Romane.
Rhin Johannesberger.
Champagne.
Pedro Jiminez.

At first there was not much conversation, but as equestrian succeeded course the company became lively. The dinner was exquisite; so were the wines; and the Sevres and royal Vienna plates were a joy to look at. A good many courses were served on silver, and the dessert service was gold, and oh, my horrors! in front of each cover were two neat little wooden toothpicks! When the champagne was served there was much hopping up and down of ambassadors drinking to royal healths, but no speeches, and at the end of dinner the Queen got up, and we all made her a bow and followed the royal family out of the room, the gentlemen stopping to smoke for ten minutes, this being the first time since the death of Alfonso XII. that cigars were offered, as hitherto, the Queen being hostess, she has deemed it etiquette to allow smoking. We waited some ten or fifteen minutes in a beautiful room with embroidered walls and furniture, and the royal family rejoined us there, and we sat down and talked about all sorts of things in all sorts of languages. At about 11.30 they bade us good-night and we bowed, and, after a few moments' conversation, put on our coats and wrote our names in the visitors' book and came home.—"Harper's Bazaar."

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As each one passed through the room we made our court bows and then fol-

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BOTH to his numerous friends and the very large section of the musical public with whom he had necessarily to come into business relations, the news of the sudden death of Mr. George Barclay, secretary of the Conservatory of Music, came as a severe shock. Mr. Barclay I understand, had never given any indications of weakness of heart, and had, in fact, been riding his bicycle on the very day of his demise. Mr. Barclay was a most efficient, conscientious and hard-working officer of the Conservatory, and much of its success as a business institution may be credited to his industry in paying attention to details. As a man and a citizen he was universally respected, and his kindly disposition and unvarying courtesy made him everywhere popular. His loss will be felt both by the Conservatory and the hundreds of students. It is needless to say how deeply the musical and newspaper profession regret his death and sympathize with his family in their great bereavement.

A paper on harmony at the piano by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac., of Toronto, was read at the annual convention of the New York State Teachers' Association, which this year was held at Troy, N.Y. The paper was written at the request of the committee of the convention, and was read by the chairman, Mr. Frank H. Shepard of New York, who has expressed much interest in the ideas and methods advanced in it. Mr. Homer Norris, who was in charge of the harmony section, has written to Mr. Jeffers for further particulars of his method, which has, I am informed, already been successfully used at the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. N. Vert, the impresario, of New York, announces that he has under engagement for a tour of the United States and Canada the coming season Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor; Miss Muriel Foster, the popular English contralto, and Dr. Theo Lierhammer, the famous Viennese lieder singer. The tour will extend from December to May.

In a recent number of the Boston "Herald" there is an interesting article by Philip Hale, giving curious pronouncements of United States critics on music, going back fifty years. One journalist in 1847 declared "that the verdict of an Italian audience upon the merits of a composer is worth less than that of any other audience in the world, if perhaps we except the Chinese and the Choctaws." Verdi it appears, was "music of the future," for we are told that in his "I Lombardi" the "din of brass prevents what music there is to be heard from being heard, until the hearer is as used to it as a resident at Niagara to the roar of the Falls." An Italian tenor is accused of shouting forth sounds like "ay-hay heel me sa-hang-gway-hay-lo-tradete-hah-hah-hah-ha," which is his version of "ella e il mio sangue l'ho tradita."

The Berlin "Allegemeine Musik-Zeitung" of June 26, in an article on Grieg's sixtieth birthday, says there is hardly another composer who at present enjoys so wide a popularity throughout the musical world as this great Norwegian. Nearly every young lady in Europe, America and Australia who plays the piano plays Grieg. Many of them, of course, are unable to reveal the subtle beauties of his art; but even with their imperfect comprehension of him, they feel the extraordinary fascination of his genius. The fascination is two-fold—national and individual. Grieg has done for Norwegian folk music what Chopin did for the Polish; but in both cases the individual is far above the national; that is, seven-eighths of the charm of their works is due to their own genius. Grieg, the writer thinks, is one of the most distinctive and characteristic composers that have ever lived. His harmonies are infinitely subtle, and exquisitely rich in color, while his treatment of the melody is highly original, as are his remarkably varied rhythms. Occasionally he indulges in a free rhapsodic manner of writing, but as a rule he is much less bold and revolutionary in regard to form than in the structure of his melodies, harmonies and rhythms. Like Chopin he preferred to write short pieces; yet in his sonatas and chamber music he showed that he had thoroughly mastered the longer forms of the past. The wonderful piano concerto is perhaps the most perfect amalgam of piano and orchestra ever attained by a tone poet, while his orchestral and chamber pieces, highly original and deeply emotional, are admired by all who do not make interminable length a criterion of excellence. His songs are "among the greatest written since Schubert," and as a writer of piano lyrics "he is the most original and important since Schumann and Chopin," he has also improved the technique of his favorite instrument in a unique manner. While his mother was a Norwegian his father was of Scotch descent, and there is a distinct Scotch vein in his music, which in consequence enjoys much vogue in Scotland.

German newspapers state that Felix Mottl, the great conductor, will get \$25,000 for his tournee in the United States.

A very pleasing event that occurred on Friday evening was the presentation to Mr. W. F. Tasker by the members of the West Presbyterian Church choir of a handsome traveling case. The presentation was made by Mr. Humphreys, one of the members of session, who in his remarks referred not only to the excellent standard of the musical service achieved by Mr. Tasker during the past four years as organist and choirmaster, but also to the high estimation in which he was personally held by the members of the choir and congregation, and wishing him every success in the commercial life he is about to enter. Mr. Tasker replied in a few words of thanks, and pressed upon the choir his desire that they should accord to his successor the same loyal support he had enjoyed during his term of office.

The third edition of Mr. A. S. Vogt's work, "Modern Pianoforte Technique," is

now in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued in a few days. A number of additions and revisions are being made which will render the work more than ever useful to music students. "Modern Pianoforte Technique" is one of the few Canadian publications for which there is a large and steadily growing demand in the United States. The work is endorsed by the leading Canadian and United States teachers and pianists, the publishers having during the past week received a large order from one of the most prominent teachers in Chicago for use in his summer classes.

Among the musical attractions which it is announced will visit Canada next season is the London G. Charlton Concert Company, consisting of Maude Reese-Davies, coloratura soprano; Ida Simmons, solo pianist, and Flavie van der Hende, the well-known Belgian violincelist, who has been playing solos with the Damrosch, Thomas and Van der Stucken and other orchestras.

Mendelssohn, it is said, once expressed astonishment at the analyses of some of his works that were written by contemporary critics, and which, with much fertility of imagination, attributed ideas, designs and meanings in his scores which had never entered his head. The circumstance is recalled by the glowing notices of Strauss's works which have been called forth by the recent Strauss festival in London. Many of these notices reveal much ingenuity in making Strauss's music "square" with the writers' glittering theories, but it is safe to say that in many of them Richard Strauss will learn for the first time what he really meant by some of his compositions. Among the United States musical journalists who have entertainingly commented upon the chief features of the festival is Mr. Huneker of the New York "Sun," who has supplied his paper with a four-column article illuminated with many fac-simile, replete with vivid imagery, and offering many suggestive explanations which will command attention. Writing about "Don Quixote" Mr. Huneker says:

"As the greatest narrator in modern prose is Gustave Flaubert, so Richard Strauss is the greatest of musical narrators. There is no longer any question of form in the classic sense; every music symbol and device hitherto known in the art of music is utilized and reinforced by the invention of numberless methods for driving home to the imagination the Old World tale of Don Quixote and his squire. It may be objected here that the story of Cervantes should suffice without any of the sonorous exfoliations of this composer. Very true. But Strauss only uses Don Quixote as he uses Zarathustra or Don Juan, as a type of something that may be discovered in all humanity. Don Quixote is the perfect type of the dreamer whose day dreams are a bridge into the strange part-colored land of madness. He may be the Knight of Cervantes or our next door neighbor. More terrible still, he may be our true self masked by the dull garb of life's quotidian struggle for bread! And to offset the fantasy of the Knight we have the homely wisdom of Sancho Panza who, having barked his shins as well as warmed them at the grate of life, always speaks by the card. A sensible fool he is not understood by the foolish sensitivist, the poet who looks aloft and therefore misses the prizes dear to most of men.

"Strauss calls his work 'Fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character.' For the benefit of the musically pious let me add that it is in the form—broadly—a Thème con Variazione and Finale. Therein Strauss may be said to mock his own idealism, as Heine and Nietzsche once mocked theirs. The realism is, after all, a realism of fantasy; for the narrative deals with what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance imagined and with what his trusty squire thought of him. With his characteristic 'flair' for an apt subject Strauss recognized in the semi-dreamlike of Don Quixote a theme fit for treatment, and how he has treated it! That magnificent gift of irony ('Bon Dieu, may I never lose my irony,' cried in desperation a famous Frenchman), inherent in every sentence he utters, here expands a soul worthy of it. A garden of curious and beautiful flowers, flowers of evil as well as good, blooms in this score. Its close contains some of the most affecting and noble pages in modern musical literature, as poignant as Tchaikowsky's, as dignified and dramatic as Richard Wagner's.

"There is no interruption in the different sections. Don Quixote is 'enacted' by the solo violoncello, the viola represents Sancho Panza. (Perhaps Strauss indulged in a sly witticism at the expense of the romantic Berlioz and his viola solo in 'Harold in Italy.') We first see—some hear, others see—Don Quixote reading crack-brained romances of chivalry. There are themes grandiose, mock heroic and crazy in their gallantry. Queer harmonies from time to time indicate the profound mental disturbance of the knight. He envisages the ideal woman; giants attack her; he rushes to the rescue. The muting of the instruments, tuba included, produces the idea of slow creeping madness and a turbulent comminglement of ideas. Suddenly his reason goes and with a crazy glissando on the harps and a mutilated version of the knightly theme the unfortunate man becomes quite mad. From music to madness is but a step after all. Don Quixote is now Knight Errant.

"Then follows, after a new theme rich in characterization, the theme of Sancho Panza, for the bass clarinet and bass tuba; later always on the viola. The fat shoulders, big paunch and mean, good-natured, lying, glutinous, constant fellow are limned with a startling fidelity that Gustave Dore or Daniel Vierge have never attained—for music can give the sense of motion; it is par excellence the art of narration.

"The ten variations which ensue are masterpieces. We no longer ask for the normal eight-bar euphonious melody, for order, rhythm, mass and logic; but, with suspense unconsciously followed by the line of the story, amazed, delighted, perplexed, angered, piqued, interested—all ways interested by the magic of the narrator. The adventure with the windmills; the victorious battle against the host of the great Emperor Alfonso; dialogues of Knight and Squire; the meeting with the Peasants and the Knight's overthrow; his vigil; the meeting with his Dulcinea; the ride through the air; the journey in the enchanted boat; the combat with the two magicians; the combat with the Knight of

the Silver Moon, and the overthrow of Don Quixote and his death, are so many canvases upon which are painted with subtle, broad, ironic and naive strokes the memorable history above hinted at. The realistic effects, notably the use of the wind machine in Variation VII, are not distasteful. Muted brass in Variation II suggests the plaintive m-a-a-h-s of a herd of sheep. The grunting of pigs, crowing of roosters, roaring of lions and hissing of snakes were crudely imitated by the classic masters; while in the Wagner music-dramas may be discovered quite a zoological collection. Nor is the wind machine so formidable as it is said to be. It is an effect utilized to represent the imaginary flight through the air in a wild gale of Knight and Squire on a wooden Pegasus. We know that it is pure imagination, for a growling tremolo of the double basses on one note tells the listener that the solid earth has really never been abandoned.

"Throughout there are many ravishing touches of tenderness, of sincere romance; and the finale is very pathetic. His reason returns—wonderfully indicated—and the poor, lovable Knight, recognizing his aberration, passes gently away. Here Strauss utilizes a device as old as the hills, and but lately heard in the B minor symphony of Tchaikowsky. It is sort of a basso ostinato, the tympani obstinately tapping one tone as the soul of the much-tried man takes flight. Perhaps the accents of a deep-seated pessimism may be overheard here—for I believe Richard Strauss too great a nature to remain content with his successes."

The dissatisfaction that was generally expressed with the music provided at the Princess Theater last season no doubt has had much to do with Manager Shepard's recent decision to make a change in the personnel of the orchestra. Next season the music will be under the direction of Mr. Paul Branciere, formerly of the Grand Opera House orchestra, who will be assisted by Messrs. Napolitano, Whittaker, Clegg and other experienced players.

English Wives versus French.

THE late Max O'Rell was a keen observer of English manners and customs, and the following comparisons of French and English wives is interesting, if not convincing: "Among the masses of the people (I mean the little 'bourgeoisie' and the working-classes) the Englishwoman is the mother of her husband's children and his housekeeper, but a housekeeper without wages, and who, unlike the cook, cannot give notice to leave.

"In France the wife is the friend and the confidante of her husband, the companion of his pleasures, and invariably his partner in business. From the day she is married she receives from her husband instruction in his business and in the investment of money. If she has charge of his books and his cashbox. She receives the money, books it, and keeps it, too, until a round little sum is saved, and then a committee of two is formed to decide how to invest it. If this Frenchwoman loses her husband it is a moral loss to her, not a material one. She can go on without him perfectly well. She is capable of carrying on the business alone; she has every detail of it at her fingers' ends.

"In France a wife knows nothing of her husband's affairs—not so much as his clerk knows—and it would often be hard for her to say whether he is on the road to wealth or to ruin. At the death of her husband, an Englishwoman who has not enough to live on is obliged to become a governess, a lady companion, or a working housekeeper.

"An Englishman gives his wife so much for the expenses of the house and so much for dressing herself and the children.

"It is without any astonishment that an Englishwoman learns one fine morning that her husband is about to take her to a sumptuous new home, or that circumstances make it expedient that they must remove to the humblest of dwellings. She removes the furniture. Maybe at breakfast her husband will say to her: 'My dear, I am ruined. I must go to Australia and try my luck there.' She answers: 'Very well, John; give me time to put on my hat.'

"The Bohemian temperament of the Englishman contrasts strangely with his habits of industry; he is a curious blending of the ant and the grasshopper.

"The Frenchman has but one aim as he works—to put by some money that shall bring him enough to live on when he gets old. His wife helps him do it.

When the aim is attained he knocks off work, and both he and his wife take life easily.

"The Englishman spends as he goes. The workman and the peasant, though they earned ten dollars a day, are satisfied to know that provision is made for them by the parish should they outlive their working days, and they spend every penny they make.

"The English house itself shows that its inmates take little thought for the morrow. It contains few cupboards and practically no cellars. The Englishman of the middle class orders in a dozen of wine at a time and puts it in his sideboard. In France the most ordinary provincial house is a veritable ant's store. The cupboards are full of linen. Even the humble home has a dark, dry corner where the owner can put his hand upon a dusty bottle of old Bordeaux the day that he has one of his family to nurse or an old friend to feast. The cellar is to the Frenchman what the linen cupboard is to the Frenchwoman—a sanctuary.

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"The English house itself shows

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Abortion of Hell.

Says the New York "Sun": "Practically, the Presbyterian churches and the other churches, which draw their system of doctrine from the Westminster Confession and similar standards of faith, have abandoned the doctrine of hell. At the bottom they are all Universalists, whatever their creeds may say."

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Minty of Winnipeg are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Hees. Mr. and Mrs. Hees and Mrs. Sullivan intend paying a visit to Oswego shortly.

A very pretty wedding took place on Monday morning at St. Anne's Church, Dufferin street, when Miss Constance Nicholson was married to Mr. Evelyn J. Lea. The bride was gowned in white silk, inserted with lace, picture hat, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of bride's roses and carnations. She was given away by her grandfather. The bridesmaids, Miss Margaret H. Dorland and Miss Mabel Lea (sister of the groom), wore cream silk organdie, prettily shirred in clusters, and large white hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Edward F. Nicholson (brother of the bride) was best man. The Rev. Lawrence Skey, rector, performed the ceremony. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lea will reside in Manning avenue.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, July 29, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Phillips, of Henry street, when their daughter, Laura Maude, was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Albert Cox by the Rev. J. S. Broughall. The bride looked very bright and sweet in her bridal gown as she entered with her father, who gave her away. She carried a showy bouquet of white roses, ferns and sweet peas. Her sister, Miss Rose, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty gown of blue crepe de chine over blue silk, and carried pink roses. Mr. Harry J. Cox, brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Mr. Joseph Montgomery as usher. After the ceremony a short reception was held, and dainty refreshments were served on the lawn, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cox left on their honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Peardon of Gerrard street and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Martin of Baldwin street, with Miss Carrie Tate of Shaw street, have returned to town after spending a most enjoyable holiday at Fairy Lake, Huntsville, Muskoka.

Mrs. MacIntyre of the Presbyterian Ladies' College and her only son, Mr. Reginald, have returned from a vacation trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Hilton McCann of Marlborough Hall, Jarvis street, has gone via New York to his Southern home, Galveston, Tex.

Mrs. Florence Hendler James of Philadelphia, pupil of Mr. Hotchkiss Osborne, will sing to-morrow at both services in Bond Street Congregational Church.

Mrs. Alfred Thornton Smith of New York is the guest of Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis, at The Retreat, Jackson's Point.

Miss Ruby Edwards of Barrie is spending a month in town, the guest of Mrs. Charles Edwards, Tarryawhile, Balmoral Beach.

Mr. Edward Geoffry Stairs of Halifax is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. H. Gibbs, Jr., 16 Spruce street. He has joined the staff of one of the evening dailies and is a journalist of some experience.

Miss Faeder of Pittsburgh, Pa., is staying for some weeks with Miss Florence Wooldridge at the home of her parents, Kew Beach.

Mr. J. P. Langley has returned after a two months' vacation spent at Hot Springs, Ark.

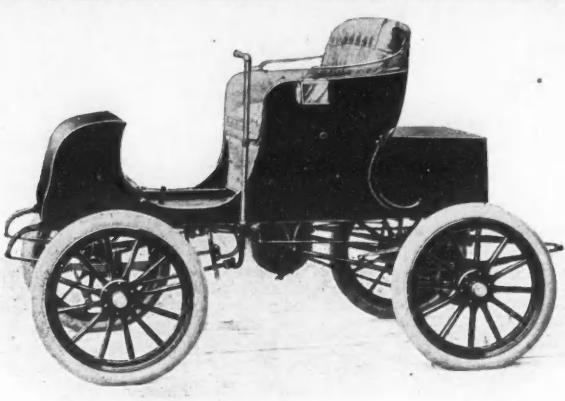
A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday, July 28, at one o'clock, in St. Paul's Church, when Mr. William J. Tozer and Miss Louise Herdman were married by the Rev. Professor Cody. The bride wore a gray tailor-made traveling costume and a large reseda green hat. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Tozer left by boat for Montreal and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacMurphy, Mr. Justice and Mrs. McLaren and family are at the Atlantic House, Scarborough Beach, Me.

Among the recent registrations at the King's Royal, Owen Sound, are L. A. Cannaly and Mrs. Cannaly, Port Huron, Mich.; Miss Etta Carrie, Stratford; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. King and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGowan, Dundalk; A. C. Lewenberg, Manitoba; Miss Alice Hughes, Collingwood; Mrs. H. E. Crawford, Mrs. T. A. Burrows, Winnipeg; Mrs. H. A. Cowan and children, Miss Toronto; Miss L. Gibson, Morrisburg; Dr. and Mrs. Hays A. Clement, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. MacKenzie, Miss Jean Alexander, Master Gordon Alexander and maid, J. W. Chapman, W. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. A. R. Gordon and two children, Miss A. Close, Miss E. Wilson, Miss L. Wilson, A. G. Robertson, G. B. Nicol, Miss G. Jenkins, Miss M. Jenkins, Thomas W. Dodge, E. C. Byers and family, Toronto; Eric McGuire, Ridgeway, Pa.; A. R. Gart, London; M. A. Rombough, H. Wilson, F. Williams, Mrs. T. E. Milburn, Mrs. J. Carroll, Gordon Perry, R. S. Wilson, Mrs. D. Wilson, Toronto; Colonel J. H. Bigbee and Mrs. Bigbee, Nova Scotia; Miss Florence G. Anderson, Arthur; Miss G. H. Baillie, Toronto; Dr. Orr, Toronto; G. A. Robertson and son, Surrey, Eng.; L. K. Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, Toronto; Julian, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker, Detroit; Mrs. Glenn R. Brown, Miss Tousley, Mrs. Myers, Elgin C. Myers, Jamestown, N.Y.; Gower Boyd, Mrs. Boyd and family, Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Masters Charlie and Will Taylor, D. S. Barclay, Mrs. Barclay, Miss Jeannette Barclay and Master William Barclay, Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Ward have returned from a year's residence in New York en route to Muskoka, whither they will be accompanied by the Rev. Carey Ward. Miss Ward has enjoyed a year of arduous work in the art centers of the American metropolis, and has received the high approval of leading sculptors who visited her studio, besides obtaining the distinction of having work exhibited by the National Sculpture Society of New York. Miss Ward opens a studio at York Chambers, 9 Toronto street, on September 1, where those interested in sculpture will be able to see some of the results of her work in New York.

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Shakespeare in Braid Scots.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie I am able, declares Bert Lester Taylor, author of "The Billouist," to present a few excerpts from the Braid Scots version of "Hamlet," with which entertainment Mr. Carnegie's endowed American theater is to be dedicated. The rendering is the work of Professor F. Haddie of the University of John's-Groat's. Inspired by the success of "The New Testament in Braid Scots," Professor Haddie has undertaken to translate the plays of Shakespeare into the same lilting language. What I have seen appears excellent work, although my friend, Mr. Donald MacFush, of Toronto, whose appreciation I solicited, advises me that there are many "bad breaks" in it. It occurs to me that bad breaks must be expected from excerpts, which do not permit of continuous narrative—a point which Mr. MacFush seems to have overlooked.

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

Ham. 'Tis sair cauld, ab'h thinkin'.

Hor. Ay, ma neb's bew.

Ham. Whith' the neb?

Hor. 'Tis wantin' twal.

Ham. Nae, 'tis strickit.

Hor. Ye've gude ears, Marcellus.

Aweel, bide a wee. The bogie will coom,

(Flourish of trumpets and shot within.)

Whit's wrang, ma laird?

Ham. 'Tis a coostom?

Ham. Ay, is it.

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

Mar. Laird Hahmlet!

Hor. Heeven be wi' him!

Ham. Aweel.

Mar. Hoots, toots, ma laird!

Ham. Hoots, toots, callant! Coom, burdie, coom.

Hor. Whit news, ma laird?

Ham. Ooh! uncoo.

Hor. Gude, ma laird, Tell't.

Ham. Nae, ye'll let bug if ah tell't.

Hor. Ah'll nae let bug, ma laird.

Mar. Ah'm doon, ma laird.

Ham. Cross yer hert?

Mar. Ay, cross ma hert, ma laird.

Ham. Aweel, aweel. Whith! There's nae vealin in a Denmark but he's a leean kuaue. Dye ken that?

Hor. Ay (to Marcellus). He's daft, ah'm thinkin'.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

Ham. Dye ken you clud—the yin that's unco like a cabinel?

Pol. Ay. 'Tis suspechiously like a cabinel.

Ham. Ah'm thinkin' it's a weasel.

Pol. It ha' whiskers like a weasel.

Ham. Ah'm thinkin' aiblins it's a whale.

Pol. Ay, it ha' the neb o' a whale.

Ham. Aweel, aweel. Ah'll coom to ma mither the morn.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

First Clo. Gie me levee. Hera bides

the watter; gude. Hera bides the mon-

gude. Gif the mon gae to the watter an'

dronn hissel', ay, wully nullie, he gae,

Dye ken that? But gif the watter coom

to him an' droon him, he droons no hissel'.

Angly, the mon isna geely o' his

ain deid.

See. Clo. Havers, mon! Is this law?

First Clo. Ay, 'tis crooner's queest law.

Ham. Hoo lang ha' ye howked graff,

mon?

First Clo. Oeh! langsyne; ay, auld lang-

syne.

Ham. An' hoo lang's auld langsyne?

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Social and Personal.

The third weekly dance of the West End Islanders took place Tuesday evening in the Hotel Hanlan ballroom, the decorations of bunting and flags making the room look beautiful. The I.A.A.A. orchestra, which is one of the best in the city, has been engaged for the season.

The weekly dances of the W.E.I. have grown very popular with the young people, both on the Island and in town. The hall was very crowded, nearly four hundred people turning out, in spite of the threatening rain. Among some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sowden, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Patterson, Mrs. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. R. J. Score, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dinnis, Mr. and Mrs. McGill, Mrs. David, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Eakins, Miss Tremble, Miss Nora Hamilton, Miss Edna Patterson, Miss Garvin, Misses Ross, Miss Clancy, Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Lamont, Miss Esson, Miss E. Doherty, Misses Wheaton, Miss McConnell, Miss Boeckh of Buffalo, Miss A. McGill, Miss McFarland, Mrs. Morrow of New York, Miss Stanbury, Miss Shaw, Miss Patter- son, Miss Ash, Miss Ahearn, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Rathbone, Messrs. H. Stone, E. J. Johnston, G. Lamont, D. McCall, A. J. Patterson, Jr., M. McGinn, Garrow, Merrick, Allan, K. McBeth, Allan B. Fisher, J. Bailey, Fred Lamont, Fred Stone, L. Stone, Fred Score, J. Trow, Ross, Robert Moody, Jack Bartlett, J. V. Harvey of Winnipeg, Doherty, T. A. Doherty, J. S. Garvin of New York, Wilcox, McKeon Hanley, Dunstan, Robertson, J. Allen Smith, Gouinlock, Elliott, Darling, Temple, Tindall, Dr. and Mrs. Curran of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, and a great many others.

Among recently registered guests at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, are Mr. and Mrs. G. Shepley, the Misses Shepley of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Hobson of Hamilton, Mrs. G. V. Martin of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sandeman of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. Straus of Cleveland, Mrs. and Miss Brush of Baltimore, Mrs. and Miss Dauziger of Chicago, Mr. Henry Stern of New Orleans, Mrs. Brundage, Miss R. Brundage of Bath, Mrs. Schloerb of Brooklyn, J. R. Heintz, Mrs. J. P. Friesinger, Mr. A. W. and Mrs. Curtis, Miss Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Zipp, Mrs. Moerschelde, Mr. F. H. Callan of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Robinson sailed on July 18 by the "Patricia" of the Hamburg-American Line to visit Paris, Berlin, Munich and London. While in Berlin they will be the guests of Mr. Frank W. Hessin, manager in Germany of the Aeolian Company of New York. Since Mr. Robinson's recovery from typhoid he and his clever wife have been kept so busy professionally that their holiday is well earned.

Some little time ago Lord Aberdeen commenced to rebuild the ancient house of Schivins—once the property of the Irvinnes of Drum—as a residence near Haddo for his eldest son, who delights in country life and is a practical and energetic farmer. Lord Haddo, who was born in 1879, cares comparatively little for society, and has never been numbered with the gilded youths who find it entertaining and being entertained the Ultima Thule of their existence. Lord Aberdeen's younger sons, Dudley and Archibald, are also inclined to take life seriously, and have recently served an apprenticeship at one of the big shipbuilding yards in Aberdeen, boarding with a professor in the town. The boys have inherited their father's taste and skill in mechanics and engineering, and have also his capacity for work. The Hon. Dudley Gordon, who when at Hartrow was a captain in its cadet corps, is now a captain of the local volunteers, the Gordon Highlanders. His younger brother has already distinguished himself as a shot, and went from Winchcombe last summer to shoot for the Ashburton shield at Bisley.

Mr. and Mrs. Peden, Miss Peden, Miss Forlong, Mr. Gouinlock and Mr. Downey, all of Toronto, together with Mr. and Mrs. Noverre, Mr. and Mrs. Seibold and Mr. H. Steward, are at Bobcaygeon,

Expression of Appreciation.

The Corporation of Trinity Medical College, upon receiving the resignation of Dr. Walter B. Geikie, founder of the college and for many years its dean, unanimously passed the following resolution, an engrossed copy of which has been forwarded to Dr. Geikie:

We, the Corporation of Trinity Medical College, in accepting the resignation of Dr. Walter B. Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.C.S., etc., L.R.C.P. Lond., dean of the faculty and professor of the principles and practice of medicine, desire to place on record our sense of the debt of gratitude we owe to our late associate, for his two and thirty years of earnest and self-sacrificing labors on behalf of the college. At all times, in season and out of season, by night and by day, year after year, the cause of Trinity Medical College has ever been foremost in his thoughts, as the one object around which his affections centered. With every energy and faculty he possessed, Dr. Geikie labored to promote what he considered the best interests of the college which was so dear to his heart, and owing in a large degree to these unwearied efforts Trinity Medical College has attained her present proud position. It is with feelings of regret that the corporation parts with him, who is the father in medicine of most of its members, who has presided over its meetings, and piloted its ship through many breakers, and we one and all desire that Dr. Geikie may be spared for many years to enjoy the satisfaction of well-earned repose.

Signed by all the members of the Corporation.

Toronto, June, 1903.

Special Attractions.

Following is a partial list of the special attractions that have been engaged for the Dominion Exhibition, Toronto: Bossy Kirby's "A Carnival of Venice"; T. W. Hand Co.'s fireworks; Johnson, Lorello and Davenlock, acrobatic comedians; the Bounding Patrollers, the Athos Family, Riccibono's horse and clown act, the Filippi's trick house act, Galletti's monkeys and baboons, LaVelle Brothers' trick house, Stanton's big rooster, Klien, Ott Brothers and Nickerson's musical act on different kinds of instruments.

What House?

He was a commercial traveler of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the railway carriage.

"That reminds me of one of Munchsen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say. "Munehausen! Who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."

A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the traveler, in a tone that was almost timid.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"

My First and Last Violin Recital.

"Well, old man," said Wells at last, as we sat in the cafe, "time's getting on and this is our last evening together for a week or two. What shall we do?"

"Come to the club and have a hundred up," I suggested.

"I have a better idea than that," said Wells, who is an actor and a cultivated man.

"Well?"

"Come to a classical concert at St. James' Hall. It would be sad but soothing."

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "Sit through two mortal hours of the veriest dry bones of the Art!"

"Even so. It is my humor," said Wells, with the smile few men were able to resist, and no woman.

"Very well," said I. "It's our last night. Have your way." And we paid the bill and left the place. Little did we imagine what was in store! You, dear reader, have probably never suffered through being the physical replica of a distinguished man. I have. However, let me get on with the story.

At the corner we got inside a bus. Wells started reading the theatrical announcements in an evening paper, and I shaded my eyes with my hand as though sleeping, and gazed between my fingers upon a beautiful girl who sat with her mother on the opposite seat. In a few moments I perceived that she also was regarding me with much interest. "We must have met somewhere," said I to myself, and, dropping my hand, I looked her full in the face. Her eyes, however, fell at once; and as she and her mother descended from the omnibus a few moments later I heard her remark in a whisper, "I thought Kubelik had left England."

"Bother Kubelik!" said I to myself. "Why is everybody jabbering about Kubelik?"

Alighting at Piccadilly Circus, Wells stopped before a photographer's to point at his own photograph in the character of Laertes.

"It's very like you," I murmured.

"Very like."

The next moment I was startled by another photograph that hung close by, and was labelled "Kubelik, the great Violinist." It astonished me. Those ripe lips and dreamy eyes! That dimpled chin and luxuriant mane of dark hair! Heavens! it might have been my own portrait!

"Look, Wells," I cried. "Mightn't that be myself?"

"Bless my soul!" said Wells. "Why, it's your very image! I never saw such a likeness."

And by way of further proof the crowd at the window increased while I stood there. And it was soon clear enough that I was the attraction. They were nudging one another and murmuring, "Kubelik! There he is! Isn't he handsome?" and so on, till at last we thought we had better move on. At first we rather enjoyed the joke, but when a fat lady looked as though she were preparing to kiss me I thought it time to "get." The crowd, however, followed us until we disappeared through the glass outer doors of the hall.

"By goshim!" said I to Wells. "This is a bit thick. You get the tickets—they might spot me and ask me to play!" And we both laughed.

Wells accordingly purchased the tickets—shilling ones—and we went into the "area." The concert had just commenced, and on our entry one or two persons looked round and said, "Hush!" angrily, but they almost immediately after began to favor me with long looks of interest and admiration. It spread. The crowd began to murmur.

"We are in for a game," whispered Wells.

"Shall we scoot?" said I.

"Never!" said he. "We've got hold of a good thing and we'll see it through."

Convinced, however, that I was Kubelik, the audience gave but the scantiest attention to the violin and piano duet in progress, and the moment it concluded they began leaving their seats and clambering towards us over the backs of the benches, till we were surrounded by a dense crowd.

"Don't speak or it's all up," whispered Wells, his eyes sparkling.

"Kubelik! Kubelik! Hooray!" cried one of the audience, and then they all began cheering. It was awful. Suddenly I felt myself being violently lifted from behind till I stood upon the seat in full view of all. Never shall I forget that sight. Every face was turned towards me. The whole audience burst into a great shout, led by that immortal ass, Wells, who was waving his hat like a person possessed. Suddenly I perceived someone approaching us down the gangway.

"Keep it up, old man," whispered Wells. "It's the manager coming to ask you to play! This will be the most gorgeous practical joke on record!"

Wells was right; it was the manager, who at last stood panting beneath me. Loud cries of "Order! Silence!" etc., rang through the hall, the cheering died away, and then the manager, in a loud voice, addressed me as follows:

"Onord sir, we 'ad no idea zat you vere in London, but as you are, and zat audience af to you such a reception gif, si enorme, si magnifique, I permit myself to 'opend zat you will 'onor it by playing vun small piece to it." And a roar of applause rent the air.

I hauled Wells up till he stood beside me. "I can't carry this any further," I hissed into his ear.

"Rot! You must play."

"But I only know one piece on the fiddle."

"Is it classic?"

"Classic! You idiot! Of course not. It's 'Pop Goes the Weasel!' with a pizzicato effect on the E string for the 'pop'!"

"Give it 'em! And bring in a few 'variations!' They'll swallow anything from Kubelik!" said Wells; and in that moment I hated him.

However, I obeyed, and, amid a hurricane of cheers, made my way to the platform, took a fiddle handed to me by the gentleman who had just been performing, and began "tuning up" while the audience nestled into their seats again and prepared for the treat in store. I closed my eyes, and commenced—slowly at first—very slowly—not daring to look up; but as I approached the pizzicato effect I ventured to glance at the audience, only to discover that, so far from resenting my performance, they

seemed to be enjoying it. I went on. The "pop" piped forth, and a thrill of delight rose from the multitude. I started the air again, at a somewhat quicker tempo; an old gentleman in the front row of the stalls began to sob with ecstasy, and to my bewilderment the beautiful girl of the omnibus was sitting next to him with her great eyes fixed upon me filled with admiration joy. I plunged into my first "variation"—the baldest and most trifling thing ever conceived—and sighs of delight came wafted towards me from all parts of the hall. Then I let 'em have it full blast. I gave 'em false notes by the dozens. I dashed off double-stopping with appalling results, and bridged the outbursts of noise with snatches of Czerny's exercises. I flung it at them on the dominant, I dragged it out of that old fiddle on the tonic! At last, with a terrific arpeggio that swept the four strings—the G and D strings unfingered, and B and G on the A and E strings respectively—I brought into my first "variation"—the baldest and most trifling thing ever conceived—and sighs of delight came wafted towards me from all parts of the hall. Then I let 'em have it full blast. I gave 'em false notes by the dozens. I dashed off double-stopping with appalling results, and bridged the outbursts of noise with snatches of Czerny's exercises. I flung it at them on the dominant, I dragged it out of that old fiddle on the tonic! At last, with a terrific arpeggio that swept the four strings—the G and D strings unfingered, and B and G on the A and E strings respectively—I brought into my first "variation"—the baldest and most trifling thing ever conceived—and sighs of delight came wafted towards me from all parts of the hall. Then I let 'em have it full blast. I gave 'em false notes by the dozens. 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